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DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN. THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

THE GREAT SERVICE OF FORESTS.

Prof. Shaler has an article in the May number of Scribner's Magazine in which he shows what the functions of forests are in the earth's economy, and setting forth many of their uses and benefits of which many people know little or nothing. Among others, there is the service of forests in covering and protecting the soil, on which the life that is on the earth wholly depends. The soil once taken away, and it will take long ages to replace it with another. All animal life, would inevitably desappear during the immense interval, and so would all vegetable life. And without this soil of the earth, rightly called "the harvest of the ages," the oceans would no longer keep up their vigorous creative work, because of the exhaustion of their needed store of mineral matters. The machinery is complicated and delicate by which organic life is maintained on the earth.

For example: there is but little solvent power in pure rain water; but as it penetrates the earth after falling it becomes charged with carbonic acid gas. Then it is made wonderfully effective in dissolving the elements formed in the rocks. Having become thus changed in its quality, the water emerge from the ground again in springs, and rarries off with it in the currents of brooks, streams, and rivers a considerable proportion of all the substances to be found in the earth's crust to the ocean. In this way it is supplied with all those materials in a state of solution which are needed to sustain marine life and to form the deposits which are composed of organic remains. In asmuch as the forests directly and indirectly serve the existence of every material interest belonging to the human race, the necessity becomes urgent beyond description that they be protected and perpetuated by his incessant care; and no legislation can be too comprehensive or stringent, that will secure this result with the utmost certainty.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

☞ We are enabled through the courtesy of the "Breeders' Gazette" of Chicago, Ill., to present to the readers of the *Ploughman* the accompanying illustration of Jersey Bull, "Rayon D'Or's Best Son," engraved from a painting from life expressly for that excellent publication. The engraving furnishes a fair likeness of the Bull, although it fails, says the Gazette, to present an adequate idea of his choice qualities. Through his sire, imp. Rayon d'Or 7516 (got by Farmer's Glory, out of the great Coomassie), he inherits the rich blood of the Coomassies, so justly esteemed by critical breeders of the Channel Island cow, while his dam, Clover Bloom's Niece, is a deep and persistent milker. In color he is a French gray with dark shadings, and in form closely approaches the typical Jersey. He has a beautiful head, yellow, waxy horn, and rich golden skin, with full development of dairy points. Although just turned three years of age, he has already distinguished himself as a sire, for he has to his credit the award for bull and his get at the Ohio State Fair of 1886 against strong competition. The judges on this occasion pronounced that the bunch of five of his heifers shown had the finest development of udders they had ever seen in calves—an unusual but well-merited compliment. Of the twenty calves dropped thus far to the service of this bull in the herd of Messrs. Worthington & Black, nineteen have been heifers. These gentlemen are long-time breeders of "the little butter cow," and, with a high standard of excellence in view, have accomplished much for the breed, and the *Ploughman* takes pleasure in thus introducing them to its readers.

THE HEIFER'S FIRST CALF.

If the heifer herself is a spring calf, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, it is not generally best to allow her to breed so as to drop a calf much before she is two years old. But, if she was herself born in the fall, she may be bred when nine or ten months old, thus dropping a calf when eighteen months old. There is a general idea that a heifer's first calf is not worth raising. Possibly for making a beef breed it may not, but some of the best cows he has ever known were thus bred. Jersey cows are noted for their earliness in coming to breeding age. In the warm climate of their island home they breed at an early age, and this helps to explain not only their small size, but their acknowledged excellence for the dairy. The vitality of the young heifer is so soon diverted to milk production that it becomes the most important function of the animal economy.

—Dr. Aitken, a recognized Scotch authority, writes in the North British Agriculturist that the nutritiousness of grasses of the same variety greatly vary, the grass of one meadow causing cattle to lay on flesh very fast, while the same grass grown in another meadow fattens slowly. Also, that the hay of one meadow is richer and stronger than that of another, while the grasses are the same. The difference in the feeding values of two samples of hay is not told in the mere percentage shown by chemical analysis. One lot of sound hay may have four times as great a feeding value as another. Much of this difference is ascribed to the soil, a strong, fertile soil producing grasses with much more albuminoid matter than a poor one.

JUNE ON THE FARM.

Stirring the Soil.- Few farmers fully realize the importance of frequent stirring of the soil among hoed crops during this month; the idea is altogether too prevalent, that cultivation is simply for the purpose of destroying weeds, but while it is important that all weeds should be destroyed it is quite as important that the surface of the soil should be kept light and loose, by frequent cultivation. Plants will not grow vigorously with a hard crust on the surface, even though there be no weeds; farmers should therefore stir the soil at least once a week during June, among hoed crops, without regard to the weeds. One who has never tried it will be surprised at the difference between the crops that have the soil frequently stirred, and those that have it stirred not more than once or twice in the season. Frequent stirring of the soil accomplishes several objects; it secures a free circulation of both air and water; it keeps the surface of the soil cooler, and that several inches below warmer, thus securing a more equal temperature, it prevents the soil from drying, except just on the surface, it hastens the decomposition of the manure applied, and keeps the soil loose and light, so the roots of the young plants readily spread through it. There is no month in the year when it is so important to stir the soil for the growth of young plants as the month of June. Sometimes a neglect to stir the soil at this season, of only a few days, will greatly injure the crop, and reduce it one-half at harvest time, for this reason every farmer should exert himself to cultivate his hoed crops as often as it may be necessary to keep the soil in the best possible condition. Frequent stirring of the soil in June is quite as important as is a good dressing of manure, for a soil well manured, without cultivation, will produce less than a soil without manure, that is well cultivated at frequent intervals.

Mowing.—Before the close of the month the mower will have to be started on early fields. The practice of permitting the grass to ripen its seed before cutting it being very generally abandoned, and it is now the general practice to cut the grass as soon as in full bloom; it is found that the hay is much better for milch cows, and it is also found that the grass-roots will keep more healthy and vigorous, and will more readily send up a good second crop, so what is lost in the first crop is more that made up in the second.

Hungarian.—Those who have light sandy land that is not good grass land, will find it for their interest to put in an acre or two of Hungarian about the middle of the month. If a good crop is expected the land must be well manured, and well prepared, and five pecks of seed sown, this will make the straw as fine as timothy, and the hay will be better, more nutritious and more readily eaten by the cattle. If only three pecks of seed are sown, as a rule, the straw will be so course that it will be almost impossible to dry it so it will not come out smoky. Many farmers have abandoned Hungarian simply because they have not sown seed enough to make the straw fine, and because they have not cut it early enough to prevent the stalks from being hard and woody. To make good hay it should be cut as soon as in full blossom.

Ensilage Corn.—It is a well settled fact that to have good ensilage the corn stalks must be fully grown and well matured before put in the silo; to secure this the corn should be planted before the 15th of June; to wait until the last of the month, as was formerly the practice, is to run the risk of having it injured by the frost, or cutting it before matured. Many believe that it is best to plant the rows far enough apart to give room for the ears of corn to grow, and then cut when the kernels begin to harden, no doubt this makes a fodder richer than the stalks before the ears are grown.

Strawberries.—The most successful strawberry growers are those who are located where they can water the plants by irrigation, for the strawberry is a fruit that requires large quantities of water at the time of ripening, so unless the land is of a character to retain water during a drouth, resort must be had to artificial watering, or the business cannot be made profitable. Many fruit growers have failed to make strawberries pay because they did not possess the means of watering by irrigation.

The Gardens.—The farmer's garden should not be overlooked, but it often is during the busy season, which is just the time that it needs the most watchful care. During this month the garden should be carefully examined every day, or the worms or bugs will destroy some of the most valued plants. It is well to set aside some particular portion of the day when the garden is to receive attention, if it is only for a few moments, in this way the garden may be properly cared for, but if it is to be visited only once a week, and then with all of the farm hands to give it a thorough weeding, in the hurry to get through, many things that ought to be done will be overlooked; the garden contains so many different plants which ripen at different times, that the work cannot be done, at intervals many days apart, and do it as it ought to be done, but there are little things every day that need to be done, and if not done at the right time there will be a loss. The man who has a good garden looks after it every day from early Spring until nearly October.

Pastures.—See to it that the fences are in good condition, nothing tends to make cattle unruly so much as poor fences; cattle that once break through a fence do not easily forget it, but unless the fence is made very strong they will break through again; so it is important to keep a watchful eye on the fences around the pasture, that any broken rail may be replaced with a good one before the cattle discover it, for the want of a little care some fences have met with a serious loss by having valuable milk cows became breachy, because of a neglect to put up the fence when down. As the dry season approaches the supply of water should be looked after, do not compel milk cows to drink muddy water, it will pay to protect the spring so as to keep the water clear and pure. When it can be had a running stream is the best, but this is not always possible. In purchasing a pasture, if a good stream runs through it, it will add very much to its value and it should be considered when establishing the price.

—The freshest eggs are the heaviest, and when placed in a pan of water will sink to the bottom at once. Older eggs will sink partly, while stale eggs will float on top.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

—Light hay crops are reported as probable in most of the Western States.

—Verandas are health givers, inducing people to live more in the open air.

—Nearly every farmer grows cabbage. He believes in it, as a rule, for his own table.

—All kinds of stock, except sheep and swine, have decreased in value in Dakota.

—Stable manure, says Professor Chamberlain, of Iowa, is the best fertilizer on earth.

—Morning Glories, from the best seed, sown in good soil, form a screen, beautiful and effective.

—Soapsuds and waste water from the house will furnish no inconsiderable amount of fertilizer for the soil.

—Corn is a much more certain crop than wheat, one year with another, over a large part of the country.

—Bury bones and old boots at the grape-vine roots; they look better there than they do kicking around the yard.

—Mr. Daniel Hollinger, near Waynesboro, Pa., has a Holstein heifer calf which when 19 days old weighed 152 pounds.

—Bees should not be allowed to find honey outside the hives, as it incites robbing, and also causes them to attack people.

—A hen that attends to business and is properly cared for, it is said, will lay her weight in eggs in two months.

—Drain pipes, and all places that are sour or impure, may be cleansed with lime water or carbolic acid or chloride of lime.

—Remember that fifty fowls of good breed and well kept, will produce more eggs than one hundred common hens neglected.

—Raw onions chopped fine and mixed with food twice a week are said to be better than a dozen cures for chicken cholera.

—Look around now while you have time and make a market for the butter, next summer, to deliver it every week fresh and sweet.

—The best farmers of all ages have given great prominence to the act of tillage as being the most important operation of the farmer.

—Farm and Garden says the farmers who generally plant corn first and then potatoes should reverse the order. The potatoes do better if given early planting.

—The net profits from the sale of small fruit by two young ladies in California last year, one of whom was a consumptive when she began, amounted to the handsome sum of $15,000.

—Ben: Perley Poore says that if farmers would thrive they must change their policy. They must concentrate their labor, they must give to a few acres the care now usually bestowed on many, and if necessary to do this they must diminish their farms.

—The finest stalks of asparagus are raised by giving the plants plenty of room. Set the roots in rows four feet apart and three feet in the rows. Keep the land free from weeds, and manure every year on the surface. The manure should be fine and well rotted.

—Young Oleanders that are well established will come on much faster during the summer, if taken from the pots and set into a rich bed of earth for the next five months, there to be well tilled. Then about September they should be lifted and again potted.

—Farm, Stock and Home has been persistent in its advice to farmers to grow sheep, but it does not want to see the Northwest "sheep crazy," and it would regard a sheep "boom" a calamity. The desire is to see a small flock of sheep on every farm, because "it is good for them to be there," and better for the farmer.

—A farmer in Greensborough, Md., thinking to change his grade potatoes, barrelled all that he had, shipped them to Baltimore, and ordered a few barrels of extra fine Northern potatoes for seed. While barrelling his own tubers he lost his spectacles. When he received his Northern seed potatoes he found his missing spectacles in one of the barrels.

—OUR WINE-GROWING INTEREST.—According to the San Francisco *Merchant* there are now in California at least 4000 wine-growers, and the area planted in vines is not less than 160,000 acres. The value of this land, with the improvements, is not less than $60,000,000. Employment is found for at least 50,000, who, with their families, represent a producing population of 150,000 persons.

—The suggestion has been made that the Department of Agriculture should prepare a handy pamphlet on oleomargarine, telling how and where it is made, how it differs from butter, and how it can be detected. The proposed work would be a popular epitome of what has been published on the subject. We hope the book will be published and given the widest distribution. It will do good.

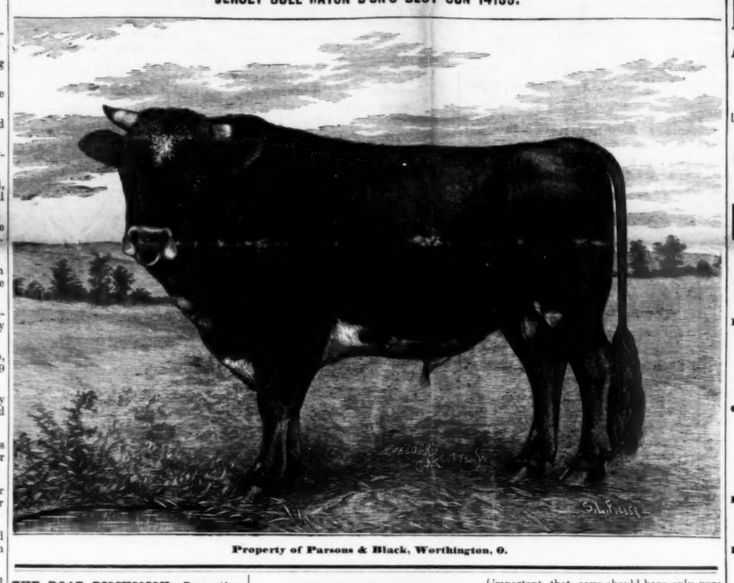
—EGGS IN NEW YORK. The receipts of eggs in the city of New York for the year 1886, were 69,692,855 dozen, which sold at an average of eighteen cents per dozen, wholesale, making the enormous amount of $12,544,613.90 in money. The lowest price reached was 11 cents, in June, and highest price reached was 28 cents, in December. The receipts of eggs in 1885 were 51,583,745 dozen sold at an average price of 19 1-2 cents, making $10,058,830.27. The lowest price reached was 12 1-2.

—A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer says: "If you want to find out when to plant corn, take a thermometer and go into the field when you want to plant, and put the lower end of the thermometer five inches deep in the soil. In a few minutes you can ascertain the temperature of the ground. If it registers 52 degs. or over you can safely plant your corn, but if it registers less than 52 degs. you had better save your seed corn, and do some other work until the ground is of the right temperature. I find be experimenting that 52 degs. is the lowest temperature that seed corn will sprout when planted in open ground."

—Many a man who knows in a general way whether his dairy is paying him or not, is wholly unable to take his herd by individual cows and positively say that this or that cow is or is not a source of profit. If dairying were a business in which margins were immense the profits absolutely certain, there might be some apology for this lack of specific knowledge as to the productive capacity of one's stock; but margins are slender and uncertain, and the balance is often turned by the most trivial circumstances toward either profit or loss. Upon the fact of his having two or three poor cows can often be blamed the failure of a dairyman to find his business pay. The day when guesswork was permissible is past, and the man who would do a safe business now must know what he is doing.

—A farmer "from the State of Maine" where they raise very fine potatoes, says planting whole potatoes gives an excess of vines and produces an excess of small potatoes, which no amount of fertilizers could overcome. Besides being a waste of seed it would take twenty or twenty-five bushels of large potatoes to plant an acre, whereas eight to ten are sufficient. He adds: Last year my large potatoes becoming exhausted, I picked out a bushel of small ones to finish out my land. The result was about half the land was vacant and what did grow came to nothing. My practice is to cut a medium size potato into four pieces, being careful to cut from the sprout end to the butt. This will give about two eyes on a piece, dropped fourteen inches apart in the drill, while three feet apart will cover the ground with vines.

JERSEY BULL RAYON D'OR'S BEST SON 14139.



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THE ROAD DISCUSSION—Correction.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I would respectfully correct a misunderstanding of my point in constructing a road over a clay subsoil, as reported in my remarks at a meeting held April 16, in the *Ploughman* Building, on Road Making. I intended to have been understood to say that by my recommendation a drain was dug over the hills in Revere on Broadway about four feet deep and filled with stone, beginning with the largest size at the bottom and toping of with fine to close up the top crevices to prevent the earth washing in and filling up the open spaces between the stones as in field draining, and by that method the road has been always free from the frost upheaving since, and a dry hard road-bed made, instead of a quagmire as before in the spring time of the year. Respectfully, B. H. DEWING.

HEN-HOUSE VERMIN.

There are but few things that are more troublesomo to poultry-raisers than chicken-lice, of which there are two kinds, the common body louse and the little red mite, the former being always found on the head of young chicks, the hen having produced them during the period of incubation. These cannot be called parasites, as the vermin is killed by sifting Persian insect powder over the chick or greasing the head and neck with the skimmings of old bacon. The red mite is not so easily disposed of. They infest every crack and crevice of the hen-house—even the roosts and nest boxes often swarming with them.

The question, then, is how to get rid of them, and it is to this point we would now more particularly confine ourself. Of all the remedies, then, which have as yet come to our knowledge, none has proved so effectual as carbolic acid.

How to use it is the next question. There can be no doubt about its perfect efficacy, for wherever it comes in contact with vermin of any kind it is certain death to them. It is true it is a poison, but only moderately so to the human system, although great care should be exercised in handling it. The acid is sold by all druggists, both in its crystaline and liquid form, and when in the former or crystaline state it requires about twenty parts water to make it absolute it—that is it requires twenty ounces of water to disolved an ounce of the crystals. But even then it is entirely too strong for ordinary use.

For the purpose at present in view, however—the cleaning out vermin from hen-houses—the following directions should be observed: Make a whitewash of lime and water, as if you were going to whitewash a house, into every gallon of which dissolve an ounce of the acid, and with it whitewash the walls and roosts of the house well, taking care that every crack and crevice is well saturated, and, our word for it, no living parasite will be seen there for a year or so at least. If any of the fowls should be similarly affected, a weaker solution should be made—say to an ounce of the acid crystals dissolved in a quart of water add four quarts more of the latter, and into the same, when cool, dip each fowl until the feathers are completely saturated and the solution reaches every part of the body, when place them where the sun can reach them to dry.

Apropos to the above, we cannot omit to state that the best remedy yet discovered to keep young chickens clear of vermin is to take about four ounces of lard, and, after melting it stir into it about a teaspoonful of the acid, and when the brood is ready to leave the nest grease the hen with the mixture under the wings and around the thighs, rubbing a little of the mixture also on the top of the head and under the throat of each chick being careful not to let any of it get into their eyes.—[Baltimore Sun.

TREES WITH CORN.

Prof. Budd of the Iowa Agricultural College, reports the following experience in growing forest trees with corn, which is a valuable contribution to our information in regard to tree-culture: The corn was planted in the rows three feet apart, and from three to five seeds of the ash, or box elder, were planted on the north side of the corn hills about six inches distant. As the cultivating was all one way the hills were kept clear of weeds by one hoeing while the plants were starting. And later the culture was with two-horse cultivators, as is usual in corn fields of the West. During the winter the corn stalks were left on the ground, to hold the snow and protect the young seedlings from the direct rays of the sun to some extent. In the spring the strongest plant was left in each hill, and the others pulled up for setting in vacant places, or to give away. The next season the culture was with two-horse cultivator, run very shallow, so as not to disturb the side roots. The third season the culture was kept up with large three-shoveled cultivator, sold by a Moline company. Some weeds grew after this between the rows, but not enough to interfere with the growth of of the plants.

MONEY RUNNING AWAY.

The following estimate of waste from a hill-side barnyard is by Prof. Roberts, of Cornell University: At Cornell there were 32 inches of rainfall in the year. The barnyard is 100x100 feet, about one-quarter of an acre. Every inch of rain would make 100 tons for an acre, or 3,200 for the year to an acre, or 800 tons for the barnyard. If one-half was leached out it would be 400 tons. Each ton of water leached out would carry off 60 cents' worth of plant food, or $250 worth from the barnyard. 'Tis true, the inky streams running from the barnyard down the road, into the creek or on the neighbor's lot, is the best part of the manure. It is money running away.

HOW MILK IS SPOILED.

BY T. B. CURTIS.

[Rural New Yorker.]

There are so many ways by which milk can be and is spoiled in the production and handling, that it is almost a marvel that the consumer gets any really wholesome milk or sound products manufactured from it; while much that is consumed is not either fine-flavored and rich in quality, or even wholesome and nutritious.

In the first place, if the condition of the cows is an important factor, affecting the quality of the milk. If they are in good condition and thriving, the milk will be of the best quality—provided the food is all right. If they are in poor condition and failing, the milk will be correspondingly deteriorated and poor; and if they are in very poor condition the milk will be positively unwholesome, besides being deficient in the important elements of nutrition. Too much of this kind of milk is produced, especially in winter and spring when a good share of the cows of the country get run down for want of proper food and care, and are what has been popularly termed "in the spring-poor." Such cows not get in condition to produce really first-class milk before the droughts of summer strike the pastures and they begin to lose flesh, to go again into winter-quarters in a declining condition, on scant food, and amid uncomfortable surroundings. A large amount of poor milk is the result of this, and in this condition are far from being as profitable as they should be, if they are not kept at a loss, which they surely would be if the milk were disposed of at its real, intrinsic value.

Improper food is another source of poor milk and small yield. If the food contains an excess of some elements and a deficiency of others, it is fed at a loss of the excessive nutritive elements, while the milk will be deficient in the elements that are lacking in the food—for the milk is made of the food the cow eats and the water she drinks, and she has no alchemy by which she can, save to a very limited extent, supply in her milk the particles missing in the food. The food must be properly balanced—especially the carbonaceous and nitrogenous materials.

But even when feed is properly balanced as regards the chemical elements, if it contains any ingredients of rank flavor, they will spoil the flavor of the milk. Every one who has had experience with leeks, cabbage, turnips and other malflavored and malodorous foods will confess this fact. Even coarse, rank grasses, especially those grown on swampy soil, seriously affect the flavor of milk, when eaten by cows. Sweet, nutritious food is an absolute necessity in the production of sweet, nutritious milk. Sloppy food makes sloppy milk. All dry food is apt to make rather tasteless, though perhaps rich milk, producing cream of hard-churning quality. Hence the importance in winter of some sort of succulent food along with the dry; and it may with the same force be said that, in summer, a little dry food with so much that is juicy is of decided advantage. But, although by feeding the relative amount of solids to water, the milk may be increased or diminished, the relative proportion of solids can be but very slightly changed; that is to say, there will continue to be the same proportion of cheese and the same proportion of butter, although both may be increased or diminished by the kind of food fed to the cows.

All this pertains to the production of milk. There are many things in handling milk which may injure or spoil it in a greater or less length of time. Unclean milk things will introduce the germs of ferment and cause milk to prematurely decay. Hence, all milk things should be thoroughly washed in tepid water, then scalded in boiling water, and afterward aired in sweet, pure air, and sunned if possible. Milking in a foul stable, where the effluvia from souring and decaying matter are floating in the air, is a source of taint and early decay. The germs fall into the milk and there find a congenial soil in which to germinate and flourish, to the injury and finally the destruction of the milk. For this reason, all stables where milking is done cannot be kept too clean or too well aired. A case is related by Dr. E. L. Sturtevant, of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, where the milk of the Jersey cows owned by the Station all at once showed the presence of ferment germs. Nothing of a fermentive character could be discovered but some glucose meal in a far distant part of the barn. On the removal of this small amount of fermenting meal the trouble ceased. The inference naturally was that the germs from this meal got into the milk by being inhaled by the cows, and, entering into the general circulation, finally appeared in the milk, or directly fell into the milk pails. Perhaps they got into the milk in both ways.

The same may be said of barnyards or any other place where cows are milked. No matter where the milking is done, if these germs from decaying and fermenting matter are floating in the air, the milk drawn or standing in that air will contain more or less of them. These will surely propagate their kind to the injury of the milk. So the cows breathing these microbes will impart them to the milk, as has been repeatedly shown. Professor L. B. Arnold says that it has been shown that the air of a foul stable breathed by cows for fifteen minutes before milking, will give milk that "taste of the barnyard."

Further, it has been demonstrated that when cows are compelled to drink from stagnant pools containing algæ, the germs of these algæ enter into the circulation of the cows and are found in the milk. Some years ago, a case of this kind occurred at Cornell University, where the spores of the algæ contained in the water which the cows drank were found both in the blood and the milk of the cows. Their presence in the blood caused a feverish condition of the animals, and produced an unnatural appearance of the milk. By inference they also rendered the milk unwholesome. It is, therefore, self-evidently important that cows should have only pure water to drink and pure air to breathe.

The intelligent and progressive dairyman will be on his guard at every point to avoid the numerous causes of taint in milk; and he will not fail to see that his cows have plenty of good, sweet food to eat, pure water to drink, pure air to breathe, and clean and sweet surroundings generally.

NORMANDY BUTTER

From Bell's Weekly Messenger, London, England.

The following is an extract from the report read by Professor Carroll at the meeting of the Cork Agricultural Society lately:—"The Normandy farmers who make the best butter for the Paris markets feed their cattle during winter on hay given on the pastures with bran, grains, or mash. Ground oats or maize are occasionally given, but linseed cake or oil cakes are usually tabooed. Roots, with the exception of carrots, are looked upon with the greatest abhorrence. For dairy cattle in all parts of Normandy, bran of wheat is held in high esteem. At the time of my visit bran was selling in the country markets at from 3s. 9d. to 4s. 1d. per cwt. Cleverly hay, well cured, is also largely used; but I must repeat that it appears to me that one of the secrets of the good quality of the best Normandy butter consists in the good management of meadows and the proper, careful saving of early cut grass. The herbage plants which I found in hay were very similar to those of our good pastures. Rough stalked meadow grass, the fescues, some of the trefoils, and occasionally Holcus lanatus make up the bulk of the herbage; but the aroma of the hay showed its value as food for dairy cows. In the district Le Pays de Bray there is a great deal of cultivation, and here oats and cabbages in small quantity are given to the dairy cows during winter. A great deal of lucerne is grown in this district, and very splendid winter fodder is saved from it. Great care is exercised in feeding with cabbages and roots. The smallest particle of tainted leaf or root is carefully cut off when milking cows are fed. The dry cows and young stock are fed with coarser fare, but the milking cows are tended with the greatest care in respect of feeding. A noticable feature, too, is the high condition in which dairy cows are kept. Almost all the dairy cows that I saw could be made fit for the butcher with six weeks' feeding when they had done their work at the dairy. As to dairy management, the calves are at periods, so that a fairly regular supply of milk is produced all the year around. Winter dairying is increasing, and, considering the high price obtained for butter in winter, that is what might be expected. A Normandy dairy is not a very bewildering object. The room itself is generally plain, with a water trough on one side, and a stone bench on the other side, furnished with brass milk vessels and deep old-fashioned badly glazed setting vessels, with the Normandy barrel churn and the poplar or limewood butter-trough. Those are the appliances by which the fine Normandy butter— the delight of the visitors to Paris—is made. Normandy butter—what is it? A great deal has been said about the secret of Norman butter-makers. There are no secrets. Given the same care on the part of our people in respect to cleanliness and attention to details, and I am perfectly satisfied that we can produce as good butter as is produced in any part of the world. The milking of the cows is very carefully done morning and evening. The cows are generally milked into brass vase-shaped vessels with narrow mouths. The milk, when brought to the dairy, is carefully strained, and cooled by setting the can in the trough of cold water which is generally found in Norman dairies. It is then set in the deep earthenware pans, and after standing twenty-four hours in summer to forty-eight in winter it is skimmed. In some dairies an earlier skimming is made with the result that the first butter is obtained. Churning is performed generally twice a week, and the operation of churning is the most carefully done work of the dairy. The cream—which in many dairies is kept cach skimming separate—is put into the churn at a temperature as near 58 degrees as possible: Sometimes a proportion, about one-fourth, of new or sweet milk is added to the cream immediately before churning. The barrel churn, of a size to suit the requirements of the dairy, is in general use in Normandy. The revolutions of the churn are slow and steady, about 40 to the minute. Very careful attention is given to the time for stopping the churn, and this is the critical period when all previous care and attention may be jeopardised. Half a dozen more than is necessary may spoil the butter beyond recovery. As soon as the butter has formed into grains about the size of a mustard seed the churning is stopped and the great part of the butter-milk is drawn off. The churn is then half filled with cold water, a few revolutions of the churn are given, and the water is drawn off, after which the process of adding water and drawing it off continues until the last drawn water comes quite clean. The butter is then taken from the churn and worked by wooden implements until all the waters are expressed, when it is made into a lump, covered with a clean linen cloth, and made ready for market. The butter is not salted in the dairy, but sold as soon as possible after being churned. The skimmilk and butter-milk are used in the feeding of calves and pigs. Occasionally the dairies are heated during winter by burning charcoal or embers, set in a metal pan in the centre of the dairy.

—Better stock and better care of it marks the successful farmer. The day has passed when scrub stock and poor farming can be made to pay in America. The successful farmer reads his stock and agricultural papers and learns how others make money, and often gives a hint to help his brother farmers, always urging more good stock.

—Hubbard Squashes do well planted among early Potatoes.

Meeting of Farmers,

At the New England Agricultural Hall, Ploughman Building, 45 Milk St., Boston, Saturday, May 14, 1887.

[HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN ASSOCIATION.]

IMPORTANT DISCUSSION

ON

Progress of the "Silo" and "Ensilage."

Rev. O. S. BUTLER, of Georgetown leads with an Essay.

A LIVELY DISCUSSION FOLLOWS.

IN WHICH

GEO. D. FORRISTALL, of Tewksbury,
Major EMORY, of Lowell,
E. F. CHAMBERLAIN, of Worcester,
and others take part.

BENJAMIN P. WARE, President of the Essex County Agricultural Society occupies the chair.

Phonographically Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

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Opening Remarks of President Needham.

COL. NEEDHAM.—*Gentlemen*, you will please come to order. The attendence to-day is much larger than we had feared it might be, as it is getting late in the season, and the farmers are more or less busy in ploughing and getting ready for the spring and early summer work. But the subject which you are to consider is a timely one, and I am very glad that time has been left to give attention to the consideration of this important matter. Very likely this may be one of the last of the meetings of the Ploughman Association for the season. We may have one or two more possibly, and if we have them they will be publicly advertised and you will have due notice. The meetings this season have been larger than they were during the winter a year ago, and the increased attendance a year ago was very much greater than the attendance of the previous year, so that the Ploughman Association has been greatly encouraged in the belief that these meetings have met a public want as it was expected and hoped that they would from the outset.

I think that with a large majority of farmers this matter of the silo and ensilage has passed the experimental period. Among leading farmers largely, I should say to the extent of sixty per cent or seventy per cent., the silo is accepted as a very valuable addition to the farmer's capacity for storing food for his animals, and on the other hand I think it is generally agreed that it is not economical of all the storage processes that has ever been introduced upon the farm. There is still a doubt among a minority of the farmers as to whether or not ensilage is the best kind of food. I have not any silo of my own. I have seen a great deal of ensilage. I have seen a great deal of ensilage. I have had milk as a product of ensilage. I have had butter as a product of ensilage, and I must say that although I started out very strongly in favor of and against ensilage and fed it for years, although I have watched very carefully to find traces of taint in the milk and in the butter, I have never been able to do so. I have used milk and butter in my family and I have used it elsewhere than in my home, and I have never been able to detect any trace of taint from the food used in ensilage. So that I am quite inclined to the opinion that ensilage believers have secured a triumph and that the time of its being discussed as a matter of experiment has gone by.

There may be great improvements to be made in the manner of preparing ensilage. There is no such thing as getting to the top round of the ladder in any art or science or work or mechanical production.

It will ever be onward and upward, and ensilage in this respect, and the silo, will be just like everything else. There will be something new constantly developing and the man of the most studious mind, the man who is the most careful observer, the man who is the most diligent and assiduous laborer will be able to bring about in his silo in the preparation of his own ensilage constantly some improvement, some advance, some step forward, and therefore the discussion of this subject must go on.

After it has been accepted, as it has been by a large majority, it will go on and after it has been accepted, as it will be, by and by, by almost everybody, the discussion will go on, because there will be room for improvement and progress.

It is my pleasure to introduce to you as the presiding officer of the day, Mr. Benjamin P. Ware, of Marblehead, President of the Essex County Agricultural Society, a gentleman who has silos of his own, who has fed ensilage a great deal, who has observed the results on his own farm and elsewhere, and who certainly is a most competent practical man to speak upon this subject, and give wise counsel and advice to you or the people of the Commonwealth.

Remarks of Benjamin P. Ware.

MR. BENJAMIN P. WARE.—The gentleman who has been invited to open the discussion to-day informs me that it would be a relief to him if the chair in the back part of the hall would take seats in front. The subject of the silo and ensilage that has been called to your attention to-day has been decided upon particularly for this reason—and attention to details, and I am perfectly satisfied that we can produce as good fodder as is produced in any part of the world. The milking of the cows is very carefully done morning and evening. The cows are generally milked into brass vase-shaped vessels with narrow mouths. The milk, when brought to the dairy, is carefully strained, and cooled by setting the can in the trough of cold water which is generally found in Norman dairies. It is then set in the deep earthenware pans, and after standing twenty-four hours in summer to forty-eight in winter it is skimmed. In some dairies an earlier skimming is made with the result that the first butter is obtained. Churning is performed generally twice a week, and the operation of churning is the most carefully done work of the dairy. The cream—which in many dairies is kept cach skimming separate—is put into the churn at a temperature as near 58 degrees as possible: Sometimes a proportion, about one-fourth, of new or sweet milk is added to the cream immediately before churning. The barrel churn, of a size to suit the requirements of the dairy, is in general use in Normandy. The revolutions of the churn are slow and steady, about 40 to the minute. Very careful attention is given to the time for stopping the churn, and this is the critical period when all previous care and attention may be jeopardised. Half a dozen more than is necessary may spoil the butter beyond recovery. As soon as the butter has formed into grains about the size of a mustard seed the churning is stopped and the great part of the butter-milk is drawn off. The churn is then half filled with cold water, a few revolutions of the churn are given, and the water is drawn off, after which the process of adding water and drawing it off continues until the last drawn water comes quite clean. The butter is then taken from the churn and worked by wooden implements until all the waters are expressed, when it is made into a lump, covered with a clean linen cloth, and made ready for market. The butter is not salted in the dairy, but sold as soon as possible after being churned. The skimmilk and butter-milk are used in the feeding of calves and pigs. Occasionally the dairies are heated during winter by burning charcoal or embers, set in a metal pan in the centre of the dairy.

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ESSAY BY REV. O. S. BUTLER.

REV. O. S. BUTLER—*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen*, the age in which we live is peculiar and remarkably so in two features of its development. First, in the multiplied and increasing methods and means of securing information, and second in the increasing number of methods and means of disseminating that information when obtained

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1887.

☞ Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

MEETING OF FARMERS.

As the spring season advances, the *Farmers' Meetings* will not be held *every* Saturday as they have been through the winter, but a week's interval or so is likely to occur between them from time to time, of which, however, timely notice will not fail to be given. The only remark now necessary to be made respecting them is that they will not be held with their customary unbroken regularity, but that the time appointed for each of them will be duly announced to the expectant and interested public.

THE ANCIENTS will on the first Monday of June observe the 249th anniversary of the establishment of their truly venerable organization. There will be the usual anniversary sermon, the street parade, the dinner in Faneuil Hall, the election by drum head on Boston Common, the investment of the new officers with their year's authority by the Governor, and the miscellaneous enjoyment of the customary sight by old and young, men and women, and the music-loving boys, black and white. This anniversary parade of the Ancients brings back the flavor of the old days as few other things can.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Memorial Day was observed in Boston and vicinity on Monday, May 30, in the customary manner. Flowers and bands of music were in profusion, and the sky and atmosphere were in all respects favorable. The observance has, in thirteen years, come to be a pageant as well as a commemoration, and therefore fair weather is hoped for by everybody. The numerous Grand Army posts of Boston paraded in goodly numbers in the forenoon, for the purpose of distributing flowers in the various cemeteries where their dead comrades are buried. Interested and sympathizing spectators witnessed the proceedings at each one, and in some instances large throngs were in attendance. In the old Granary burial ground, the graves of those who fell in the "Boston Massacre," March 5, 1770, were decorated with flowers, the ceremony being performed by representatives of the colored people of this city. The grave of Crispus Attucks, who was of African descent was specially commemorated. The grave of Wendell Phillips at Milton, was likewise the recipient of a generous floral tribute, his name being honored in discourse as a reformer and humanitarian. Appropriate exercises were also held in nearly all the churches on Sunday.

BEN: PERLEY POORE.

The veteran journalist and newspaper correspondent, Ben: Perley Poore, died in Washington last Saturday, at the age of sixty-six. He belonged to the days before the war, as his recently published "Reminiscences of Sixty Years at the National Capital" attest on every page. He travelled in Europe, Asia Minor, and Egypt in his early youth, and for the rest of his life was connected with Congressional correspondence and reporting work as secretary of important standing committees, and other related occupations that were congenial to his taste. A more thoroughly industrious man was not easily found. He enjoyed the personal friendship of a long list of distinguished public men, of whom he could speak volumes, in the way of reminiscences. His memory covered a very large part of the actual history of the country during this century. Major Poore was a native of Newbury, Mass., and owned and occupied as the representative of the eighth generation the old family mansion called Indian Hill Farm, within four miles of Newburyport. To the old house he has added many interesting historical features during his life. For thirty years he was the Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal. He was present at all the national political conventions from 1848 to1880. He established the Congressional Directory and completed "The Charters and Constitutions of the States and the United States." As a correspondent at Washington he was received authority in matters of news and of opinion, and his letters from that centre are to be reckoned by the thousands. He was famous as an after-dinner story-teller, his memory being a storehouse of anecdotes of the famous men and women of former days. He had been Secretary of the United States Agricultural Society from its foundation, and was a personal friend of the late Pres. Marshall P. Wilder. On the subject of forestry he was an enthusiast, taking a state prize for the best specimen of forest cultivation. He possessed a strong and positive character, was a man of perfect integrity, and stood by his principles sturdily. He will be greatly missed, but none of us are ever much missed after those with whom we were associated have already taken their departure.

The Funeral.

The funeral of Major Ben: Perley Poore took place Wednesday afternoon, from the quaint old home he loved so well at Indian Hill, West Newbury. Large delegations were present, representing the various Agricultural, Masonic, Literary and Scientific organizations, with which he was closely identified. Out of doors the rain fell softly and the colors drooped mournfully from all the neighboring staffs. The impressive sentences from the burial service of the Episcopal Church were read by Rev. J. H. Van Buren, rector of the venerable St. Paul's Parish of Newburyport, which is one hundred and seventy-five years old, and whose services the Poore family have attended for generations. The remains were conveyed to the Walnut Hill Cemetery in West Newbury. There were no Masonic services at the grave.

"THE YANKERIES."

This is the name which has been given in London to the American Exhibition of 1887 in that capitol, which was opened on the 9th of May, and is proving to be a noteworthy event of a year termed remarkable over there. The Exhibition covers a site of twenty-three acres in all, and the exhibition building is laid out in streets and avenues running at right angles to each other, with seven entrances. A large covered bridge across the railway leads from the main building to the grounds where Buffalo Bill's Wild West exhibition is located. There are some two hundred and forty persons connected with it, and two hundred and twenty-five head of stock, and the representations given, as all of course know, are of the exciting and adventurous scenes of frontier life.

The track is one-third of a mile in circumference, and within this is the arena. A grand stand accommodates twenty thousand persons. Sheltered standing room is provided for ten thousand more; and this, with the standing room available in the open ground, affords a good view of the entertainments to about forty thousand people. The Indians and cowboys have their encampment on a large hill that has been constructed, with a grove of newly planted trees. This monster company includes about one hundred Indians, whose chief is "Buffalo Bill," otherwise Hon. W. F. Cody, who is a man of fine physique, a clever horseman, an unerring shot, and an intrepid hunter.

The entertainment comprises representations of Indian life, cowboy life, Indian fighting, hunting the buffalo, lassoing and breaking-in wild horses, shooting, feats of strength, and border athletic games. Amongst the stock are Broncho horses, mules, buffaloes, deer, and specimens of the antelope and elk. Twelve acres of land are laid out as ornamental gardens and pleasure grounds, with music and refreshment pavilions, and an extensive display of American flowers and plants. A novelty amongst a variety of outdoor amusements is a model of the Switch Back railway, four hundred and fifty feet in length. The entire exhibition is lighted by 250 electric lights, each of 2,000 actual candle-power, and 9 huge search lights, each of 10,000 actual candle-power. The Exhibition is admitted to be a great undertaking, is exclusively American, and shows the progress made by the inventive ingenuity of our countrymen, which is calculated to stimulate the rivalry of the British manufacturer.

TAXING IMMIGRATION.

A writer in a local contemporary tries to awaken the public to a proper sense of its responsibility in respect to our present enormous immigration. He seriously asks whether we are peopling a new world in the light of science and the past experience of the old world, are rushing blindly at full speed through the critical period of starting our new world for all time to come, glorying rather in the rich harvests spread before us, in our fast growing cities, our railroads, our increasing population, our syndicates, and our conceit that we are beating the rest of the world in prosperity, than in paying heed to what is likely to be the result of it all. He considers all other legislation petty and transitory, and all subsequent attempts at reform tardy, in comparison with the fundamental and self-sacrificing task of peopling our country for all time with the best stock available.

We have indeed come to a point where serious reflection is imperative. Our advantage over all European countries is our larger amount of room and our higher Standard of living; but at the pace we are now going are threaten to deprive ourselves of that double advantage very soon. Already we are beset with labor troubles on our increasing scale, and a free and open current between Europe and this country must in time inevitably bring the poor of our country down to the Stadard of American living. While it is undeniable that the new comers to our shores help in building up our material prosperity, we are to remember that the real end of our existence should be an American people. And while we seek persistently to protect American labor by protecting manufactured products, we never the less grant free access from abroad to competing and cheaper labor.

The correction which it is suggested to apply to a state of things with whose results we certainly shall have to deal when we shall be less able to do so than we now are with their causes, is to lay a high tariff on immigrants for the purpose of excluding the poor, and thus to maintain the new world on a higher level than the old. The tariff is to be relied upon to secure men of more character prudence, and property than those can be who are allowed as now to enter the country free. The writer to whose suggestion we have referred thinks it is one thing to give hospitality to those who are under a political and religious yoke, and quite another thing, with our present knowledge to build up our new world with those who are being driven to the wall in the old. He says the charitable emigration societies of Europe are doing more harm than was ever done by poor-laws or indiscriminate alms giving, for they are sending over to us their poor to spread into a nation, while they relieve their own poverty only in individual cases, or make room for a new poor man where an old one has been removed.

Our own charitable institutions are being put to the severest test. We have on our hands not not only the surplus poor of Europe but the unborn host of paupers to whom we freely offer room to live their unfortunate lives. It is in our own country that the true effect of this movement of peoples is to be looked for. It is not to be seen in Europe. The claim is set up that the new comers should be able to show that they are better than those already here, and capable of helping in the improvement of our existing standards. We certainly owe it to ourselves to have some care for the future, whatever interest we may take in our present existance as a nation. Circumstances multiply rapidly that more and more compel us to get ready to provide some adequate protection for the institutions handed down to us by an ancestry such as the world cannot parallel.

IMPROVING OUR CLIMATE.

A project has been seriously suggested for modifying the present climate of the Atlantic coast, which at least possesses the interest of novelty. The individual who advances the theory insists that the scheme it involves is just as practicable as any problem in physical geography that is susceptible of solution by engineering. He says that the charts show that the great body of the "cold wall" comes to us through the Strait of Belle Isle, and hence that the closing of that strait would do the business for the climate. Newfoundland causes a deflection of the cold body of water, or what is left of it, to the southeast, thus giving the Atlantic coast the benefit of the direct Artic current. Arriving here, it presses against the Gulf Stream, turns southward in a loop form, and finally, running under the Gulf Stream, proceeds on to the equator. Such part of the Gulf Stream as passes our shores has a direct course a little west of north, being slightly deflected toward the east by the coasts of South and North Carolina, and thence turning again more north and being deflected by the cold current that is returning from the north pole. In August and September this current possesses the least energy, and then approaches the coast within ten miles of Barnegat; while at other times it is a hundred and twenty miles away, in obedience to the amount of the cold current and of the wind. It is the presence of this cold wall between our coast and the Gulf Stream that accounts for our stormy coast, the close contact of two currents of such contrasting temperature causing a continued disturbance of atmospheric equilibrium. If this cold wall could be got rid of, the conclusion is that our cold northwest would then sweep to the north of us and become westerly and south-westerly winds instead.

TREES FOR THEIR COLORS.

While every garden has its "ribbon beds" of herbaceous foliage plants, the arrangement of trees to produce similar effects is still an undeveloped art. What can be done in this line, says the London Saturday Review, "is well illustrated at Waddeson Manor, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's place in Buckinghamshire. Nothing can be more beautiful than the treatment of foliage trees and shrubs in his ground. It is absolute painting, wherein the pigments are represented by golden yews, golden elders, double-yellow gorse, golden broom, purple barberry, purple hazel, copperbelch, purple sycamore, variegated maple introducing a lighter tinge, which is carried on by a mass of sea-buckthorn, whose pale, frosted silver is relieved by the deep, velvety green of abackground of Austrian pine. What cannot be done when such colors as these lie ready to hand, not to mention all the glaucous trees, whose leaves are often white, covered with a silky down or powdered over with a fine dust like that on a butterfly's wing? The American maples, and especially the swamp maple with its autumn glory of foliage, have made the 'Canadian fall,' or autumn, a season and object of pilgrimage from all parts of the world. The swamp-maple has other merits besides that of its autumn gold. In early spring, the leafless branches are clothed with clusters of deep-red flowers, the young growing shoots are reddith-brown in color, and the leaves a bright, shining green above and glaucous underneath." And the silver maple is likewise mentioned as a tree producing very nearly similar effects.

INDUSTRIAL DEPRESSIONS.

According to the reports in Bradstreet's, besides the prevailing depression in woolen manufacturing, the pig iron, merchant bar, steel plate, and nail manufacturing industries are distributed. Depression exists at leading centres of wheat flour manufacture, due in part to the relatively high price of wheat as compared with flour, estimated at the rate of nine million barrels per annum. Special inquiry shows that 95,000 industrial employees are either striking or locked out, not including 5,000 blast furnaces, 3,200 iron and steel mills, and 1,500 flour mill men, the 15,000 anthracite mine and ille nail mill employees. Also, that 53 blast furnaces have been banked for want of coke since May 4, reducing the pig-iron production over 36,000 tons weekly. On the first of May there were 346 furnaces in blast, producing 139,000 tons of iron. To-day there are 15 per cent. fewer furnaces at work, with 25 per cent. reduced production. There is 42 per cent. less production by bituminous and coke furnace than on May 1, and that is a fact of great significance to the iron and steel trades.

ANTIQUATED HISTORY OF BOSTON.

An Old and curious book is one before us, bearing the title of "A Topographical and Historical Description of Boston, from the First Settlement of the Town to the Present Period; with Some Account of its Environs. By Charles Shaw, Esq., member of the American Antiquarian Society." A couple of Latin texts help to fill out the title page which also advertises that it is "Printed and Published by Oliver Spear," in Boston, and the year 1817. The frontispiece is a view of the "New State House," whose extension or entire removal is under discussion to-day, with a view of a part of the historic old Hancock House to the South, the trees and shrubbery filling in the yard. A wooden fence is strung along in front of each, and a couple of cows are to be seen pastering on the foreground slope. The work professes to be but a compilation, the writer having availed himself freely of the works of the early writers and "what tradition had delivered to the most aged inhabitants of the town." The topographical description of old Boston is made as much of a feature as the historical. The engravings and fac similes are of rare interest. Every page blooms with antiquarian flowers. This quaint and correct history of Boston is the property of Mr. Charles O Ellms of Scituate, who kindly loaned it to us for leisurely examination.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in New York in connection with the establishment of the Western Bank, with which ex-Secretary Manning and ex-Treasurer Jordan are conspicuously connected, for securing to New York what London has so long enjoyed, the control of the world's silver market. At any rate, the purpose is to secure the control of the silver market of the United States and South America, the great silver producing countries. The plan, to be effective, must necessarily have the co-operation of the stock exchange authorities. It is proposed to trade in silver bullion just as grain and cattle certificates are dealt it. Silver bullion is to be deposited in large quantities with a safe deposit company in New York, certificates will be issued representing that bullion, and those certificates are to be traded in. The authorities of the stock exchange will regularly list these silver certificates for that purpose. Thus silver will become active, through the agency of the listed certificates, representing actual bullion, instead of being a drug as it now is in the form of coined dollars.

THE MINISTRY of M. Goblet in France went to pieces after only a six months existence. It was a question of the budget, in other words of economy, that precipitated its fall. The budget committee of the Chamber of Deputies reported a demand for a reduction of two to three per cent. in all the government expenses. The government refused to accede to the demand, the minister of finance declaring to the Chamber that further retrenchment of expenditure was impossible. And M. Goblet plainly told the committee that it demanded what it knew was out of the question. On this issue the ministry was defected by an adverse vote of the Chamber, the majority against them being sixteen. M. Goblet, the premier, at once resigned, and President Grevy summoned M. de Freyeinet, the predecessor of M. Goblet, to form a new ministry. He failed to accomplish the task, and those who have been called to undertake since have met with no better success. The crisis threatens to be one of long duration. The expenditures chiefly aimed at are those incured by Boulanger, secretary of war, in maintaining the French army in a militant state, to be in readiness for any threatened movement of Germany. It is Boulanger that really causes all the trouble, and the retrenchment party itself dare not demand his displacement from the control of the army, though they want the expenses of that army reduced.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Farmers around Boston should know that Geo. Tyler & Co. 43 South Market St., have one of the largest if not the largest stock of *Mowing Machines, Horse Rakes,* and *Hay Tedders* ever kept in the city. They now have several hundred Mowing Machines from Manufacturers of the highest repute. They have Heald's Hay Tedders that please everybody, and they have also Horse Rakes by the thousand. They cordially invite every farmer to call and see their stock and get their prices. The quality of their stock is high above the average, and every one in want should be sure and call. Their machinery is sold on trial, and it will be profitable for all farmers to see it. If not able to visit their warehouse soon, write particulars and enclose stamp for circulars. Their aim is to handle none but machines that embody standard principles, avoiding all that class that is complicated and undergoing yearly changes. None can undersell them and give as good quality of stock. See and determine for yourself.

☞ *The Pansy* for June is a June Pansy indeed. Its pictures are as pretty and piquant, and its reading matter is as fresh as the new flowers the children are now plucking in the grass. It will be in demand among the very young folks until its successor appears. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers.

☞ *Guenn; A Wave on the Breton Coast*, is the second issue of the Ticknor's Paper Series, and the best production of Blanche Willis Howard, whose first book, "One Summer," won for her such popular renown. Guenn is a story of love and art. The scene is laid in Brittany, enabling the author to describe both the picturesque people and the picturesque shores of that romantic country. The story is told in her fascinating way, and introduces the reader into scenes of constant novelty and full of pleasures. Forty vignettes, initials, etc., illustrative of French coast life, enhance the attractions of the text. Ticknor & Co., Boston.

☞ *Trade Secrets* is the title of a little manual, from the Industrial Publication Society of New York, containing a collection of recipes, processes, and formulæ which have been offered for sale by various persons at varying prices. The object professes to be to help persons without a special trade to set up a little manufacturing business for themselves.

☞ S. W. Straub, music publisher, Chicago, Ill., issues *Beautiful Songs*, a new Sunday School singing book. The tunes are rich in melody and harmony, and of a high Christian character.

READ AND RUN.

—Archbishop Williams of Boston is in Rome.

—The President will visit St. Louis in the latter part of September.

—The Czar of Russia plays the cornet for two or three hours daily.

—The new Scotch racing yacht has been badly beaten already.

—Ben: Perley Poore was buried at his home in Newbury, Mass., on Tuesday last.

—The Children's Sanitarium on Lovell Island, Salem harbor, was opened June 1.

—The United S ates Treasury gained over $12,000,000 in gold during the month of May.

—Ninety-one bodies have thus far been found in the ruins of the burned Paris theatre.

—If you have an object in living says Dr. Bartol, you will live until that object is accomplished.

—Twenty-five thousand people paid for entrance to the base ball ground in this city, last Monday.

—Saturday afternoon has been made a half holiday over the State by the New York Legislature.

—A Cattle Trust has been organized, after the plan of the Standard Oil and Cotton Seed Oil Trust.

—Before next winter, over 100 additional monuments will be erected on Gettysburg battle-field.

—A meeting in memory of Wendell Philips was held in Faneuil Hall on the evening of Decoration Day.

—They do not now call themselves "bulls" and "bears" in Wall street, but "optimists" and "pessimists."

—General Sherman will be present at the unveiling of the New Haven Soldiers' and Sailors' monument.

—The public ceremonies of Memorial Day in Boston and vicinity were on their usually extensive and elaborate scale.

—A fire covering two thousand acres was burning last week in the mountains east of Great Barrington.

—The Italian government is to publish the works of Galileo in twenty quarto volumes of five hundred pages each.

—Easter-tide in Russia is a season especially marked out by the popular and uneducated classes for persecuting the Jews.

—The idea is to make the new Western Bank in New York, the centre of the silver producing and dealing interests.

—It is estimated that there are at the present time 2590 women engaged more or less in literary pursuits in or near Boston.

—An Illinois man has in his possession a German Bible which was printed in the fifteenth century, and is now 365 years old.

—English trade is reported to be falling behind in most countries, while German commercial interests are gaining the ascendant.

—The forthcoming flower caro at Vienna promises to be a very grand affair. More than twelve thousand carriages will take part in it.

—There is war between the men who fish for salmon at the mouth of the Columbia River with nets and seines and those who take salmon in traps.

—The Polish population of Buffalo is stated to be about 16,000 and they are talking of publishing an illustrated newspaper in their native tongue.

—William O'Brien, after having successfully escaped from mobbing in Canada, was banqueted at the Parker House on Monday evening last.

—Throughout the Mohawk Vally, in New York, a severe draught has been prevailing the meadows being very dry and the farmers entirely destitute of water.

—The Bunker Hill June Seventeenth Association expect to have a successful parade on the anniversary of the battle from which they take their name and inspiration.

—The grave of Fanny Parnell, at Mt. Auburn Cemetery, was decorated with flowers on Memorial Day, by the municipal council of the Irish National Land League.

—New York City will this year entertain the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the thirty-sixth meeting occurring on the second Wednesday in August.

—The thirteen regents of the Mt. Vernon Association will not all sit at the Council board at the same time, having a superstitious dread of thirteen at the table. They are all ladies.

—The Boston Press Club has got into its very fine quarters in Bosworth street, where it indulged in a worthy house-warming one evening last week, at which the Govenor was present.

—The star of Bethlehem, which makes its appearance every 300 years, and for which astronomers have been looking for sometime, has been sighted by Professor Klein at Hartford, Ky.

—The Brooklyn bridge has now been open to travel for four years. Eighty millions of passengers have used the bridge in that time. The traffic has grown from $12,000 to $78,000 a month and the number of passengers from 200,000 to nearly 3,000,000.

—Mr. Ruskin thus expresses himself on the subject of railways: "They are to me the loathsomest form of deviltry now extant, animated and deliberate earthquakes, destructive of all wise social habit or possible natural beauty, carriages of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves."

—No country is more favorably situated for the systematic observation of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism and the aurora borealis than Norway. It reaches farther north than any other inhabited land, and lies nearer the centre of magnetic disturbances than any other state of Europe.

—The introduction of sewerage and water-supply jointly has had a marked influence in reducing the mortality from typhoid fever, at least. The difficult point is to ascertain the influence of the sewerage alone. Whether the chance of air-pollution is greater from sewers or from cesspools, is not so easy to determine.

—The Sanitary Engineer says that, in dealing with a cellar in springy ground, the first thing to be done in order to make it dry is to provide some chance for the water to run away before getting into the cellar. This may be done by laying a two-inch tile drain-pipe in a trench dug all around the foundation outside of the walls, and from one foot to two feet below the cellar floor. The pipe is to be put together without mortar, and covered with cobble-stones to keep out the dirt and sand.

ALLSTON'S DEATH.

Allston's death was as sudden as it was peaceful. He had been working all day on his "Belshazzar," which now hangs over the stairway at the Art Museum, and was quite tired. A party of friends visited him that evening, and after they had separated, at a late hour, feeling wakeful, he proposed to sit up and write for a while. He was left alone and took out his portfolio, but a faint feeling seized him, and he went to his wife's chamber and asked her for a draught of vinegar and water, which, on a former occasion, had relieved the same unpleasant feeling. She came down stairs with him to procure it, and he sat down at the table while she was preparing it. When she brought it to him she thought his attitude singular. She passed her arm round him and his head fell upon her shoulder heavily. She called out in a startled voice for her sister, who rushed down at her call and found him dead in the arms of his wife. He was buried by moonlight in the graveyard at Cambridge, the students from Harvard standing round the grave with torches while the last service of the Episcopal Church was read.

— The Hon. James Geddes, President of the New York State Agricultural Society, died at the home of his son-in-law, in Syracuse, May 30th, of Bright's disease. Mr. Geddes was the son of the late George Geddes. He was a member of the Assembly in 1883, and 1884. For twenty-five years he had been connected with the New York State Agricultural Society, and held the position of Vice-President and General Manager for a number of years prior to last year, when he was elected President. He was a republican in politics, and fifty-six years old at his death.

THE MEXICAN EARTHQUAKE.

No Repetitions as Yet—Old Buildings Objects of Fear.

CITY OF MEXICO, May 30.—Up to 10 o'clock this morning no second shock of earthquake had been experienced. This is fortunate as some high and modern buildings, constructed or light porous stone, unfit for lofty buildings, are badly cracked and might easily fall under additional strain. A heavy rain fell during the night, and cooler weather prevails. The shock was felt in the high building on Cinconde Mayo Street, occupied by the United States consul-general. Examinations are now being made of roof-tops by the city officials on account of danger arising from rotten beams supporting a heavy load of tiles. Recently in the Palace of Justice, where the courts sit, the roof fell in. Luckly the room was unoccupied at the time. The earthquake shock has created fresh alarm about the safety of the roofs in buildings of great age.

☞ *The Canton Paint and Oil Company*, No. 10 Oliver street, Boston, advertises ready mixed paints in another column, to which the attention of builders, manufacturers, and farmers is specially directed. The characteristics of its "Vadlian Flexible" paints are duly set forth to the public in terms not to be misunderstood. The Company sends colored card to applicants by mail. Read its advertisement and act accordingly.

—Peck's "Bad Boy" is said to have sold to the extent of a million and a half copies.

☞ *It is admitted* by those who have used and are using them, (and they are legion) that the Adamanta Enamel Paints, lately advertised in our paper, are considered a very reliable production. Sceptics are invited to investigate their merits. Send to selling agents for a circular.

—It appears to have been discovered that left-handedness is due to an exceptional development of the right hemisphere of the brain.

☞ The numerous ailments and physical troubles from which *Radway's Radway Relief* is a cure are the best evidence of the wonderful variety and comprehensiveness of its merits. Its very name is as familiar as household words, everybody keeping it within reach and carrying it with them everywhere. The very full recital of its efficiency which its experienced proprietors make in this week's *Ploughman* deserves a thoughtful and a wide reading. Few tried remedies for the many pains known to the human frame can claim to be the peer of the Ready Relief, which is universally conceded to bear away the palm.

—Dorchester, the twenty-fourth ward of Boston, had a population of 21,500 in 1885.

☞ The large new office and warehouse of W. H. Fay & Co., manufacturers of Fay's Manilla Roofing and Carpeting, Camden, N. J., was entirely destroyed by fire last night. With commendable energy they have gone to work and secured temporary quarters, and are to-day ready for orders. Fortunately these gentlemen have a very large stock at their factory, which is in another portion of the city, and they assure us that their patrons and agents throughout the land will receive their goods as promptly as though no fire had occurred.—*Philadelphia, May 14.*

—The French crown jewels brought, at the recent sale, $1,716,000 to the public treasury. It is to be hoped that these are the departed traces of monarchical government for France.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

oct20-32tt

—The senatorial committee appointed to investigate the affairs in the Indian Territory have reported unfavorably in regard to things as they found them.

☞ If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

—The Grand Trunk Railway is to be extended to Winnipeg by the way of Sault Ste-Marie. It is proposed to have the new line running by November 1.

☞ Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose ten cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

—Wonderful strides are being made in the construction of torpedo boats. The performances of the new Thorney craft boat built for the Spanish government are amazing. Such a boat, says a Soudan correspondent of a New York journal, has not much to fear from the best British ironclad. Her speed averaged over 30 miles an hour.

PEARLINE.—With this article the family washing can be done with ease, with economy and despatch, and as it is thoroughly disinfectant, it will be seen that whenever used the result is pure and healthful. As there are imitations of this in the market, be sure and get the genuine, manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

—The Canadian Pacific Railway proposes to go into the grain handling and purchasing buisness in the Northwest and Manitoba on an extensive scale. Enormous mills are to be erected.

☞ POND'S EXTRACT gives sure relief from Pain. Once used its use is continued. *Refuse imitations of the genuine.*

—There are rumors of the uprising of the Chinese at Hawaii. They have posted the walls and fences of Honolulu with offers of $10,000 for the head of King Kalakua.

DYSPEPSIA—Its Causes and Cure, sent free by J. H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 yrs. City Treas. oct16—52t

—The point of civilization is to make all things cheaper, so that the comforts and luxuries of life may be within the reach of all.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested the wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* oct9-191eow

—The different European governments seem to be making a desperate efforts to maintain national languages.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 25 inst., by Rev. John W. Ballantine, Mr. Carroll W. Dodge, of Worcester to Miss Jennie E. Robson, of Dorchester.

At People's Church parsonage, 26 inst, by Rev. C. E. Davis, Mr. William H. Newhall to Miss Rosa Perry, both of this city.

In Norwood, Mass., May 18, by Rev. G. I. Kiern, Mr. Heman C. Babcock, formerly of Willimantic, Ct., to Nellie May, daughter of the late Samuel Howard.

In Hanover, May 23, by Rev. T. H. Goodwin, Mr. James T. Prentiss, of Monson, and Miss Susie E. Crane, of Hanover.

DEATHS.

In this city, 30 inst., Catharine Laurance, eldest daughter of the late Charles T. and Catharine Laurence Appleton.

In Brookline, 28 inst., Mr. James M. Burgess, 64 yrs.

In Hyde Park, 28 inst., Edith J., wife of James Edmiston Brown.

In Concord, Mass., 30 inst., Jonathan R. Gay, 59 yrs. 11 mos.

In Cambridge, 29 inst., Mrs. Reliance Godfrey, 93 yrs. 9 mos.

In Medfield, 27 inst., Daniel D. Hamant, 71 yrs. 8 mos. 16 drs.

In Scituate, 27 inst., Alice L., widow of the late Davis Litchfield, 86 yrs. 4 mos.

In Washington, D. C., May 29, Ben: Perley Poore, 66 yrs.

In Salem, 27 inst., Andrew Smith, 78 yrs.

In Quincy, May 27, Emma F., wife of Judge Everett C. Thompson, 39 yrs. 3 mos.

In East Marshfield, May 17, Tilden Hall, 71 yrs.

In Belmont, May 27, Miss Susan S. Marsh, 71 yrs. 7 mos.

In Barrington, Ill., May 16, Benjamin Mayo, formerly of Orleans, Mass., 66 yrs.

In Milton, May 27, George Vose, 67 yrs. 12 dys.

In Old Point Comfort, Va., Samuel Loring

In East Lexington, 28 inst., Fred O., son of Oliver and Mary A. Brown, 33 yrs. 9 mos.

In Roslindale, John A. Shafroth, 86 yrs.

In Lowell, May 28, William A. Burke, 78 yrs.

May 28, Mr. Calvin Brooks Prescott.

In Winchester, May 27, John Norcross Thayer, of Petersboro', N. H., 69 yrs. 9 mos.

In Wakefield, 27 ult., Mary M. Hurd, 68 yrs. 11 mos. 21 dys.

In Dorchester, 28 ult., Mary, wife of Thomas Rogers, 60 yrs.

THE BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING June 4, 1887.

Amount of stock at market:—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Shoats.	Fat Hogs.	Veal.
This week.	2091	11,262	147	17,853	1072
Last week.	1368	11,894	244	14,262	1003
One yr ago.	1695	8,921	288	21,569	1059

Horses . . . 1,003

Prices on Northern Cattle.

Beef.—Per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $6 25@6 50; first quality, $5 75@6; second quality, $5@5 25; third quality, $4 75@5 and a few choice single pairs, $6 75@7; some of the poorest bulls, &c., $4 00@4 25.

Working Oxen.—$100@175; handy steers $55@125 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Young Calves.—Fair quality, $25@38; extra, $40@48; farrow and dry, $15@32. Fancy Milch Cows, $50@60.

Stores.—Thin young cattle for farmers—yearlings, $8 50@18; two-year-olds, $14@28; three-year-olds, $23@36.

Sheep.—Per lb, live weight, 2½@3 cents; extra 4 @4½c. Sheep and Lambs, ℔ head, in lots, $2 50@5 50. Spring Lambs, $3@7.

Fat Hogs.—Per lb, 5½@6c live weight; Shotes, wholesale, @ 6c; retail, 6@6½c; Northern dressed 6½@6¾c.

Veal Calves.—2½@5c ℔ lb.

Hides.—Brighton, 7 @ 6 ¾ ℔ lb; country lots, 6@6½c.

Calf Skins.—7@ c.

Tallow.—Brighton, 2½@3 c ℔ lb; country lots 1½@2½c.

Lamb Skins.—$1 35@1 75 each; country lots, $1 35@1 75; shearlings, 15@25c; dairy skins, 10@25c.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Maine . . .	72		New York . .	166
N. Hampshire	24	1201	R I &	52
Vermont. . .	83	1025	Western . .	1113	8,476
Massachusetts	154	289	Canada. . .	503	
			New Brunswick		
Total		2091			11,26

CATTLE AND SHEEP BY RAILROAD.

Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Fitchburg .	1051	2210	Eastern . . .	62
Lowell. . .	57	1000	Old Colony. .	
Boston & Alb.	864	8000	On f't & Bosts	67
N Y & N E. .		289	Boston & Me..	
Total		2091			11,262

Droves & Drovers. Cattle and Sheep.

Cattle.	Sheep.		Cattle.	Sheep
Maine.		R E French-Co.	2	55
F H Coolidge . .	14	F Fairbanks .		126
I C Libby & Son	14	L W Tinker . .	11	
I H Libby. . . .	16	F S Kimball . .	8	
E L Libby . . .	18	**Massachusetts.**		
C E Ross	2	A A Smith . . .		125
G E Lincoln. . .	8	J S Henry . . .	27	85
New Hampshire.		C Smith . . .	78	
Aldrich & John-		J A Bullard . .	2	
son.	10	230	C H Barbour .	4	
Dow & Moulton.	4		W H Bardwell..		170
H D Titus . . .	2		C D Pease . . .	12	
Brock & Wood.	2	842	Scattering . . .	50	
I B Sargent . .	2		D S Bush . . .	20	
H A Wilcox . . .	4	25	**New York.**		
Vermont.			C N Hinman .		183
R P Pollard . .	4	212	**Rhode Island.**		
G H Spigg . . .		102	W Scollans . . .	52	
G D Piper. . . .	4		**Canada.**		
Hall & Seaver .	5		F H Walker . .	400	
M G Flanders .	8		Crofford-Lunnie	193	
H G Kimball . .	6		**Western States.**		
Stocker Bros . .	1		G A Sawyer . .	476	
G A Bruce . . .	3		Farrell-McElyan	36	
S S Hastings . .	3	17	Farrell & Nagle.	250	
A A Pond . . .	5		Hollis & Co . . .	7,750	
J B Rennick . .	14		A N Rogers . .	74	
A Williamson .	18		J A Hathaway.	333	

OWNERS OF VEAL.

MAINE.—F. H. Coolidge & Son, 24; I.C. Libby & Son, 37; I. H. Libby, 17; E. L. Libby, 17.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Aldrich & Johnson, 21; Dow & Moulton, 135; Brock & Wood, 30; I. B. Sargent, 37; H. A. Wilcox, 30.

VERMONT.—W. Ricker & Son, 20; N. K. Campbell, 83; R. P. Pollard, 90; G. H. Spriggs, 100; J. Piper, 87; Hall & Seaver, 140; M. G. Flanders, 90; R. G. Kimball, 22; B. S. Hastings, 97; A. A. Pond, 73; A. Williamson, 202; R. G. Hall & Co., 81; J. Burke, 73: W. L. Eugrem, 93; L. W. Tinker, 40; F. S. Kimball, 164.

MASSACHUSETTS.—J. S. Henrr, 50; W. H. Bardwell, 2.

NEW YORK.—W. Fuber, 65; C. N. Hollis, 37.

RHODE ISLAND.—W. Scollans, 40.

UNION MARKET, WATERTOWN.

Tuesday, May 31, 1887.

The supply of cattle sufficient for the demand. We find Western, Connecticut river, Northern and Eastern cattle in the yards. Most of the cattle were over the Fitchburg railroad; nearly 600 Canadian cattle shipped via, Grand Trunk to market for the export trade; between 300 and 400 head of Western. The important feature of the market was the decline in the value of cattle, ½c ℔ lb. Average quality rather singular

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO.

IN SALE BY AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN.

Since 1865 this fertilizer has proved like Farm-yard manure, good for any crop, on any soil, in any climate.

Try it alongside of brands which advertise attractive "valuations," and see if the latter even equal it in their effect on the soil. Any farmer may thus learn to his own satisfaction the doubtful value of "commercial valuations," as against the agricultural value of a good fertilizer.

Apply for Pamphlets, etc., to

GLIDDEN & CURTIS,
GENERAL SELLING AGENTS,
BOSTON, MASS.

PACIFIC GUANO COMPANY.

feb27tf

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa. It affords a thorough English education, and a good training in Chemistry, Botany, Natural History, Agriculture, Engineering, Horticultural science, fitting young men to enter business or to study the professions, or to become good farmers or good teachers. For further particulars address President H. H. GOODELL, Amherst, Mass. may7-10t

Cholera Infantum, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 35 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

nov27 52t

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Lithographers,
Albertype & Photo-Lithographers
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A thorough and economic means of advertising

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—FOR—

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The most satisfactory machines in the market for

Threshing and Cleaning Grain
AND SAWING WOOD.

Acknowledged by all competent judges to be the most thoroughly reliable machines in the market, regarding easy draft, quantity and quality of work, and durability. Send for 36-page Pamphlet giving full description and terms, FREE. Address

A. W. GRAY'S SONS,

PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS

MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS, VT.

☞On Exhibition and for sale by C. H. Thompson & Co, 71 Clinton St., Boston.

jan1—tf

Frye's Patent Steel Coulter and Harrow.

THE BESTEN USE.

The teeth are make of best Spring Steel, Oil Tem pered and hammered sharp. They are so arranged that they enter the soil easily, and are not liable to choke with stones, Stalks, or other rubbish. When desired we supply Teeth and Irons alone, and furnish pattern of frame.

C. H. THOMPSON & CO.,
71 Clinton, 80 and 82 South Market St., and 34 Merchants Row, Boston.

jan1—tf

CANADA HARD-WOOD UNLEACHED ASHES

In car lots, 15 to 17 tons. This being our only business, our long experience enables us to guaran tee the quality to be the "best." Price and pamphlet sent on application to

MUNROE, JUDSON & STROUP,
Oswego, N. Y.

apr23-52t

CUSTOM MADE PANTS $3.

Vests to Match for $2.25.

Also, FULL SUITS at Popular Prices.

Send for Samples of Cloths, rules for self-measurement, and other particulars, showing how we can make to measure, a pair of

The Celebrated Bay State Pants, For $3.

We give excellent value for the money in the article as it may seem. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reference: any Express Co., Boston. Address

BAY STATE PANTS CO., 32 Hawley St., Boston.

may7 13t MASS.

Send for Samples of

VAMPIRE BLACK

Water-Proof Leather Oil,

AND KEEP YOUR

HARNESSES,
BOOTS AND SHOES
SOFT.

CANTON PAINT AND OIL CO.

MELROSE, MASS.

nov13 52t

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BROWNELL SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich. 0cto-52t

Sheathing Paper, All Kinds, Low Prices

WE ARE SELLING ROOFING

$2.00 PER 100 SQ. FEET.

IND. PAINT AND ROOFING CO.,

143 DUANE ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Send Stamp for sample. Mention this Paper.

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THE NEW CLIMAX.

Agents wanted throughout New England

This harrow will be sold, or sent on trial on its merits, and with the understanding that it is Superior to any Harrow of its kind ever produced. For all purposes it is the Harrow to own.

Send for circulars.

GEO. TYLER & CO.
43 South Market St., Boston, Mass.

may21—tf

A RARE CHANCE

For Young Men.

THE MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE has at its disposal Eight Free Scholarships, which will be given to worthy young men who can pass the entrance examinations. It affords a thorough English education, and a good training in Chemistry, Botany, Natural History, Agriculture, Engineering, Horticultural science, fitting young men to enter business or to study the professions, or to become good farmers or good teachers. For further particulars address President H. H. GOODELL, Amherst, Mass. may7-10t

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

WATERPROOF. SELF-SHINING.

The Best Dressing in the World for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes. One bottle will last a lady one year or a gentleman six months.

Price 50 Cents.

Wholesale Trade supplied at

8 SHAWMUT AVENUE BOSTON.

For sale by HENRY H. TUTTLE & CO., 435 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

apr16-52t

IF you want an ACCURATE PLAN of YOUR ESTATE on a small scale, consult or address

HENRY B. ABERCROMBIE.
CIVIL ENGINEER,
425 Main Street, . . Worcester.

Also levels for draining wet land, and water supply for house and barn. may7-1

DRAIN LAND TILE TILE

For underdraining Wet Land,
Is the smoothest, strongest and best,
Is round inside, and hexagon outside,
Is not out of shape like Sole Tile,
A large stock, all sizes, on hand.
Special rates for Car loads.
Send for circular of prices.
Geo. D. Goodrich, 62 Water St., Boston.

apr9-13t

Warren's Stone Mason

CABBAGE SEED,

Card from

DAVID WARREN.

Having noticed various advertisements by seedsmen to the effect that they were selling seed of **Warren's Stone Mason Cabbage that was grown by David Warren,** I wish to distinctly state for the benefit of my brother farmers, as well as for the sake of my own reputation, that I **sold my entire stock of Warren's Stone Mason Cabbage seed to Messrs. Schlegel & Fottler of Boston;** and by arrangement with me, **it is sold only in packages bearing their seal.** None other is genuine.

DAVID WARREN.

Swampscott, Mass., April 29, 1887. mch26-tf

Best Harness in the World

For the money; largest stock and best variety in Boston; robes, blankets, horse and stable furnishings. E. F. WYER & CO., 63 Sudbury St., Boston.

feb5—26t

This Corn Planter drops seeds exactly as wanted. It sows Fertilizers in any quantity desired, and does all to perfection. Send for Circulars. Agents wanted.

The Climax Harrow stands at the head. Send on trial. Agents wanted. Get Circulars, all our farmers' outfit. GEO. TYLER & CO., 43 South Market St., Boston.

may21tf

FREE A $2.50 Gold Ring to all who will act as our agents. The Journal Co., Essex, Conn. mar19-26t

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

oct6—52t

PAPA'S JACKET.

A Touching Story of the War and After

[The Washington Tribune.]

"Three fifty-dollar bills, and no way to send them home to Dolly. Oh, if I could only see her just for a moment. And my baby boy Clare. I wonder how they are, and if she is thinking of me," Thus mused Bill D——, of Co. F, 5th N. Y. (Duryea's Zouaves), the evening preceding the second battle of Bull Run.

"If I am wounded, taken prisoner or killed," and his cheek blanched at the thought, "the $150 I have got together will go into the hands of others. Let me see; I have it. I will sew it in the lining of my jacket;" and suiting the action to the word, he began ripping open the inside of the garment.

He then wrote upon a scrap of paper the following:

Whoever finds this will receive the blessings of a loving husband and father by delivering it to Mrs. Dolly D——, —— St., N. Y.

(Signed) Wm. D——,
Co. F, 5th N. Y. (Duryea's Zouaves).

He then wrapped it around the three 50's cut off a piece of his leggings, sewed them in it, and then sewed the whole on the indsie of the jacket.

"There, he said, when he had finished, "if I am spared I know where they are; if I am shot, in time some one may find them—and Dolly may get them, God bless her."

"Hello, Bill! what are you looking so glum about? One would think you had lost your best friend." It was his old friend Jack H—— who spoke.

"To tell the truth, Jack, I have got the blues to-night."

"Oh, dont give way to anything of that kind, Billy.

"I know, Jack, but I can't help it; I have been thinking of Dolly and the baby."

"Well, I don't blame you, Bill, for she is worth thinking of. Billy, we both courted Dolly, but you won her, and let me tell you that if anything should happen to you, my old friend, Dolly shall not suffer whilst I have a dollar."

"Thank you, my boy. You have lifted a great load from my heart. Jack, I have a great favor to ask of you; I know you won't refuse it. We have marched side by side, slept under the same blanket, been together through all the battle of the Peninsula, and I have always found you true blue. We go into action tomorrow. Nothing is more likely than one of us might fall. If it is my lot, I want you to stay by me until the last; but if you have to leave me, promise that you will take my jacket, and when you have an opportunity send or give it to Dolly, and tell her that there is a letter sewed in the lining for her. Now, my old friend and comrade, have you any message that I may fulfill?"

Jack's eyes filled with tears as he answered,

"Yes, Billy; write to my old mother in Ohio that I have never forgotten my promise to remember her at night when taps are sounded; also, tell your wife in years to come to remember me sometimes when she meets the rest of the boys after peace is declared."

Soon the two comrades wrapped themselves in their blankets and were lost in slumber.

Reveille sounded, and the men were soon in line answering roll-call. Then the line of march was again taken up.

At length we were drawn up in line of battle. Our brigade consisted of the 5th and 10th regiments of Zouaves, attached to Sykes's Division of Regulars. Warren was in command, and as he rode his fiery charger down the line the men seemed to inhale new life. We were deployed as skirmishers.

"Jack," said Bill, "the ball is open; we will keep together as we always have. The skirmishers are being driven in: the shots are coming closer." Zip! Zip! "Jack, I have a foreboding that I cannot rid myself of."

"Cheer up, Bill; this is no time to think of anything but your rifle."

The order was given to fire. Then, as the enemy advanced, through the woods, we could see the advantage they had over us. We were on the turnpike, with a clear field behind us.

"Jack, remember my jacket! cried Bill as he fell forward, with the blood streaming from a bullet-hole in his neck.

It required but a moment to turn Bill over and look in his face. At once his friend perceived that there was no hope. So, with a prayer for his dead comrade on his lips, he quickly drew the jacket from the stiffening body. Bill had answered the long roll for the last time.

Warren's voice was now heard ordering a retreat. It was useless for Jack to wait longer, and, with a last fond look at his old comrade, he left him on the field.

While retreating Jack changed his jacket for Bill's, throwing his own away, saying; "This is the best way to keep my word with Bill!"

It is not my purpose to view the battles the gallant 5th participated in; that is a matter of history. Jack was badly wounded in the engagement and lay in the hospital several months before he was discharged. He sent the jacket to his brother in New York, who, instead of carrying out his instructions, preserved it as a keepsake.

Jack wrote to Dolly while in the hospital, telling the sad news, and also saying that after he had visited his mother he would come to New York and see her. He asked her to call on him for any service that he could grant, as he had promised Bill to see that she wanted for nothing. This letter went astray, and Jack waited in vain for a reply. He thought she had forgotten him or was too proud to ask his assistance.

Six years passed away, An old uncle had died and bequeathed his fortune to Jack and his brother James, who went West to hear the reading of the will. When the brothers met the first question Jack asked was, "Have you ever heard from Bill D—— or wife?"

"Yes! A month ago she was seen by one of the old 5th, who said she had a hard time supporting herself and child by the needle."

"Say, Jim! what did she say when you gave her Bill's Zouave jacket?"

"Bill's jacket! he exclaimed. Why, I have it yet. I remember your instructions, but I thought it would be of no use to her, and as I wished it as a memento, I kept it."

"Jim, you did wrong. As soon as you get back you must give it to her. There is a letter sewed in the lining."

"Why did you not tell me before? I am very sorry, and will be ashamed to meet her; but I will send it to her as soon as I return."

Directly upon his return Jim hunted up Harry Jones, and told him how he had neglected to do his brother's bidding. He asked Harry to let him know how he could repair his fault. Harry promised, and, with the jacket under his arm, set out on his errand.

Dolly was sitting by the table, upon which the remnants of a scanty meal remained, with her head resting upon one hand, the other caressing the curly locks of a bright little fellow seven or eight years of age. He looked up into her careworn face as he said: "Mamma, if you had not been so sick this week you would have made my little jacket for Christmas, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, my dear," she replied; "sickness has set me back, but perhaps Santa Claus will remember mamma and Clarie."

"Do you think so? I hope he will. There is a knock on the door."

"Come in!" said Dolly, thinking it was the lady in the next room, who had been very kind to her since she had occupied the two little rooms adjoining.

She started with surprise as she recognized one of her husband's old comrades.

"Why, Harry, I am so glad to see you! Sit down. Why, where did you come from, and how are you? I have not seen you for so long. Do you know I have been very sick, and am just recovering?"

Harry was surprised to hear it.

"Yes! I overworked myself, the doctor said. What have you there?" as he laid the bundle on the table.

Harry's eyes moistened as he said, "It's a jacket, I believe, and—and there's a letter in the pocket."

"Oh, it's for me," cried Clare. "Santa Claus sent it, didn't he, Mr. Harry?"

"Yes, dear," and the veteran choked up as he said, "I can't stay, Dolly, but will come in day after to-morrow."

"Oh, thanks; how pleasant that will be, and on Christmas, too! Harry, bring your wife, also;" and added, as she looked around the poorly-furnished, but neat apartments, "you must tell her, Harry, that I cannot offer her the hospitality I would like, but she is welcome, as are all friends of my husband."

"Good evening," and Harry went down the rickety stairs with a great lump in his throat. Dolly untied the bundle, and as the jacket rolled over to her view, her cheek blanched.

"Great Heavens! A Zouave's jacket. Whose is it, I wonder? He said there was a letter in it." She felt there; no letter. "Whose can it be! Oh, I know. Some one of the boys has sent it, thinking I could make it over for Clare; how thoughtful Well, dear, you shall have a new jacket for Christmas;" and as she examined it she said to herself, "It is not much worn. Here is a hole in the side of it, and the braid is a little faded. Yes, Clare go to bed and mamma will try to make you a nice little jacket."

After tucking him snugly away, she began her loving task. She first ripped off the bright-red braid; then she took the arms out; then began ripping the lining. She had not gone far when her scissors came in contact with a piece of brown leather. She examined it and found it was sewed to the lining. To rip it loose was the work of a moment. As she held it in her hand, she exclaimed, "Why, what can it be?"

When she opened it, what did her eyes behold? Three $50 bills and a scrap of paper.

"What," she exclaimed, "am I dreaming? My husband's signature! Oh! can it be?"

She went to the next room and called, "Mrs. Jarvis, do come in; I don't know if I am in my right mind or not. Look! I am rich! And this note, read it; I am all of a tremble."

Mrs. Jarvis did as directed, and Bill's letter was read. After the widow had partly subdued her grief, Mrs. Jarvis congratulated her on her good fortune.

Dolly hardly closed her eyes that night, so anxious was she for the morning. She went over in her mind the things which she intended to purchase. She would roll over and kiss Clare in her joy, exclaiming, "$150! I am rich, and Clare shall have a new jacket for Christmas. And to think, dear Bill's money will buy it."

The next day Dolly, Mrs. Jarvis and Clare might have been seen in a clothing store, selecting a jacket. She bought several things that she needed, and returned home very happy. As she clasped her boy in her arms she murmured: "Won't we have a merry Christmas to-morrow, dear? And to think that it all comes from your dear papa. But while we are rejoicing over the birth of the blessed Saviour, papa is with him, singing with innumerable multitudes, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men."

Christmas day Dolly had invited Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis to dine with her; Harry also came, with his wife, and was soon apprised of the good luck. They had hardly finished when a knock was heard. Dolly answered it.

"Dolly,"

"Good day, sir,"

"Dolly, don't you know me?"

"Jack!" exclaimed Dolly.

"Yes, Jack H——. I have come to wish you a merry Christmas; am I welcome!"

"Welcome, you dear, good soul; indeed you are. Harry, don't you know Jack H—— of Co. F?"

"Why, Jack, old boy, how are you, and where have you been?"

After the greetings each one told the story of the past—Jack, of the letter Dolly had not received and Jim's negligence in forwarding the Zouave jacket, and all up to the present. Before Jack left that evening there had been something said, and Dolly seemed very happy. Three months afterward you might have seen a gentleman and lady and a curly-headed boy on a train bound West. Do you want to know who then were? Well, they were Jack and his bride Dolly, and little Clare, whose Christmas coat was to have been made out of "Papa's Jacket."

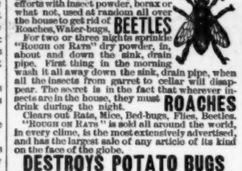
—Fish are said to have the power of influencing one another by sounds and action, Trout are discovered to be subservient to a ruler, which might be seen swimming at the head of his tribes.

THE BRAND ON CAIN

was not more fearful than are the marks of skin diseases, and yet Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure for all of them. Blotches, pimples, eruptions, pustules, scaly incrustations, lumps, inflamed patches, salt-rheum, tetter, boils, carbuncles, ulcers, old sores, are by its use healed quickly and permanently.

—A plant is never more itself than when it is fully prepared for a period of repose. It is now most independent and most highly charged with what the physicist would call the energy of position. The plants, therefore that bloom early in the spring are not idlers the rest of the year; they ripen their seed, or, in other words, rear a fine family of children.

LECTURE ON Rough on Rats.



This is what killed your poor father. Shun it. Avoid anything containing it throughout your future useful (?) careers. We older heads object to its special "ROUGHNESS."

DON'T FOOL away time and money in futile efforts with insect powder, borax or what not, used at random all over the house to get rid of BEETLES Roaches, Water-bugs.

For two or three nights sprinkle "Rough on Rats" dry powder, in, about and down the sink, drain pipe. First thing in the morning wash it all away down the sink, drain pipe, when all the insects from garret to cellar will disappear. The secret is in the fact that wherever insects are in the house, they must go outside to drink during the night.

Cleans out Roaches, Mice, Bed-bugs, Flies, Beetles.

"Rough on Rats" is sold all around the world, in every clime, is the most extensively advertised, and has the largest sale of any article of its kind on the face of the globe.

DESTROYS POTATO BUGS

For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, etc., a tablespoonful of the powder, well shaken, in a keg of water, and applied with sprinkling pot, spray syringe, or whisk broom. Keep it well stirred up. 15c., 25c. and $1 Boxes. Agt. wtd.

"ROUGH ON RATS" —CLEARS OUT— BED BUGS, FLIES.

Roaches, ants, water-bugs, moths, rats, mice, sparrows, jack rabbits, squirrels, gophers. 15c.

jun6-4tarm

LAND FOR SALE

At Savin Hill, Dorchester.

Near the Seashore; valuable Building Lots; within 3 miles of State Street. Will be sold low for cash, or exchanged for desirable city property. Apply to PLOUGHMAN OFFICE, Boston.

Hall's English Food —FOR— Horses, Cattle & Poultry

UNEQUALLED FOR ITS

Purity and Excellence

By any similar preparation in the country. A delicious and health-giving condiment.

Read the following testimonial from Hon. GEO. B. LORING, President New England Agricultural Society:

Hall's English Food Co., 17 Batterymarch street, Boston, Mass.. Dear Sir:—

I have fed the Hall's English Food for Horses and Cattle according to the directions to my Horses, my Cattle being all at grass at this season. The effect was all that could be desired. It improved the condition of the animals and gave them spirit and energy for their work. I can highly recommend it.

GEO. B. LORING.

Sent C. O. D. at the following prices:

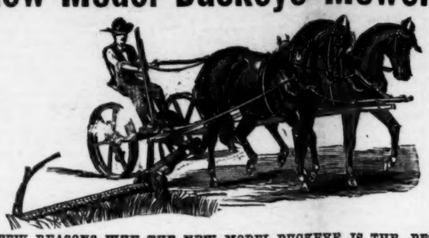
25-lb Bag, 100 Feeds,		$2.00
50-lb " 200 "		3.50
100-lb " 400 "		7.00

HALL'S ENGLISH FOOD CO., 17 Batterymarch Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED in every town. ☞ Send for Circulars. Mention this paper.

my21-52t

THE STANDARD New Model Buckeye Mower.



A FEW REASONS WHY THE NEW MODEL BUCKEYE IS THE BEST

It is **the simplest,** contains **fewer parts,** has fewer and better bearings, and fewer places for oiling. It can be understood and kept in order by the ordinary farm hand. Its parts can be tightened, and set up as wear occurs.

Is built on correct mechanical principles. Straight gearing used for quickest speeds. Is **positively the lightest draft.** It is the best braced, the strongest, most durable the best for rough uneven ground, consequently the best for smooth mowing. No loose connections, or knuckle joints.

The easiest to ride upon, the easiest to handle both for team and driver. Will do more work and better work. Will last longer. Costs less for repairs. Extra parts are more easily obtained. No loss of time in the hay field for repairs. It raises the bar higher, and lifts easier to pass obstructions. It is more in use than any other kind, showing its appreciation by the farmers.

The **only Machine** with the **Double Hinge Floating Finger Bar,** adapting itself to all varieties of surface. The only machine in which the Bar Folds Flat Across the Frame, making it as portable as the wagon. The only Machine that can be **Worked With One Horse** with ease.

☞The **only Machine** that can present the above claims as genuine.

Buy the **Standard New Model Buckeye,** and be assured your haying season will be both pleasant and profitable.

THE RICHARDSON MANUFACTURING CO.
MANUFACTURERS,
WORCESTER, MASS.

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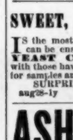
SPARROW'S HIGH GRADE Complete Fertilizers!

This is the **fifth year that these goods are selling upon their merits.** Made at our Bone rendering establishment, from BONE and MEAT, mixed with dissolving chemicals. **Quick, Constant and Lasting** in their action. Of good mechanical condition, and selling at very reasonable prices.

MANUFACTURED BY

JUDSON & SPARROW,
Office, 38 South Market St.,
mch19-13t BOSTON, MASS.

WHEELER'S Eclipse Windmill.



The Great Prize Windmill of the World. Prices $30 upwards.

Sizes from 6 ft. to 30 ft. diameter of wheel. For railroad, water supply, irrigation, suburban and farm use they have no equal. When geared for power they become a necessity to enterprising farmers.

The New Champion Anti-Freezing Self Regulating Force Pump

a specialty. Tanks, Water-Pipe, Hose, etc., a specialty. Full satisfaction guaranteed. Address

L. H. WHEELER,
68 Pearl Street, Boston.

may7—11teow

CONCORD STOCK FARM
CONCORD, MASS.
STANDARD-BRED AND REGISTERED
HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE
Jersey Cattle—Hambletonian Horses—Dorchester Pigs
Shetland Ponies—Berkshire Pigs
Visitors welcome. Carriages free to and from Station.

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$65 A MONTH for 3 Young Men or Ladies, Teachers or Students in each county RELIABLE P. W. ZIEGLER & CO. Philadelphia.

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BUCKEYE FORCE PUMP.

Send for Circulars, 150,000 in use.

Works easy and throws a constant stream. It is easily set; is the cheapest and best Pump in the world for deep or shallow wells. Never freezes. Also the

IRON TURBINE WIND ENGINE

Simplest, Strongest, most Durable

PIPE AND FITTINGS, BRASS GOODS.

Drive-well Material of every Description.

Wells Sunk in the North or South.

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34 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

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BUY HARNESS of the Makers direct.

Track, Road and Farm Harness a specialty.

Single Sets, $6.50 & up. Double " $20.00 "

No Machine Stitching or cowrict labor employed. We ship subject to approval. Illustrated catalogue FREE.

KING & CO., Wholesale M'frs, Owego, N. Y.

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QUINCY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

CHAS. A. HOWLAND, *Pres. and Treas*
WM. H. FAY, *Secretary.*

BOSTON OFFICE,
NO. 27 STATE STREET.

Local Agents in every town.

Cash Fund, April 1, 1886	$308,881 50
Amount at Risk	$28,821,345.00
Surplus over Re-insurance	$202,793.00
Required for Re-Insurance	$216,176.50

Dividends, 60 per cent. on 5 years; 40 per. cent. on 3 years; 20 per cent. on all others.

dec25-52w

CLARENCE S. BURR,
Manufacturer and Importer of
FINE HARNESSES
AND HORSE FURNISHINGS.
21 Mill Street, Boston.

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SWEET, WHOLESOME BREAD

IS the most satisfactory of all food. Such bread can be ensured by the use of SURPRISE YEAST CAKES. Correspondence solicited with those having difficulty with their bread. Send for samples and our receipts for bread and biscuit to SURPRISE YEAST CO., Boston, Mass.

aug28—1y

ASHES From the Hard Wood lands of Canada. Guaranteed unleached and pure in quality. Send for circulars and buy reliable goods.

WM. E. FYFE & CO., Clinton, Mass.

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CORN SHELLER.

Patented Nov. 23, 1886.

WONDERFULLY effective, durable, and cheap. Manufactured by the patentee

A. H. PATCH, CLARKSVILLE, TENN

Separates corn from the Cob, and does perfect work The best small Sheller made. It may be seen in operation at

220 Devonshire St., Room 20, Boston, Mass.

Description and terms by mail if desired.

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Send 25 cents to H. P. Kendall, Sterling, Mass., for a pair of "Stuart Trace Snaps." A new device for hitching the trace to whiffletree. Any one can fit them on to any whiffletree. A new trace is hitched easily, and a taut one can be unhitched instantly. Liberal terms to agents.

may21-6t

COTTON SEED HULL ASHES.

The best fertilizer you can buy. One ton of Cotton Seed Hull Ashes contains more Potash and Phosphoric Acid than four and one-half tons of the average of Hard Wood Ashes, or fifteen tons Leached Ashes. Send for circular, giving Analyses, etc.

AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, 18 Broadway, New York. feb5 tf

Michigan and Canada Ashes

Are Fertilizer. Leached and unleached Hard-wood Ashes delivered in car-loads at your nearest Railroad station at low prices. Quality and quantity guaranteed. Write for prices.

JAMES HARTNESS, Detroit, Mich.

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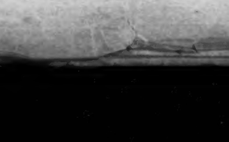

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Enamel your Ranges twice a year, tops once a week and you have the finest-polished stove in the world. For sale by all Grocers and Stove Dealers.

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Manhood RESTORED. Remedy FREE. A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c. having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. C. MASON, Post Office Box 3179, New York City.

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WE STILL HOLD THE LEAD

WITH THE

New Tilting Bar

45,557 Sold in 1886.

WALTER A. WOOD, NEW ENCLOSED GEAR MOWER.

We assert without fear of contradiction that this is the best Mower ever produced.

THE THOMAS TEDDER.

Our experience with this machine proves it to be the lightest draft, best working Tedder in the market.

HAYING TOOLS, of Every Description, at lowest prices.

The Oliver Chilled Plows, The Perfect Side Hill Plow.

The Thompson Horse Hoe, same pattern as Hussey, $8.00.

The Whitcomb Horse Hoe and Cultivator combined, same pattern as "Iron Age," $6.00.

NEW CHAMPION RAKE.

With patent oscillating cleaner and sled runner teeth which prevent scratching, and do not gather trash that may be laying on the ground.

Also a few Wood and Iron Frame Cultivators and Horse Hoes. Stock of 1886 to be cleared out at half price.

Call and Examine the Standard Wind Mill in operation at our store.

Ensilage Corn, Hungarian, Millet and Barley, Paris Green, Slug Shot, Dalmation Powder. When desired we sell Heavy Implements on the Instalment Plan.

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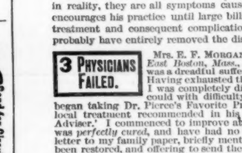

You Will Not Find in my catalogue "store" seed, vendible with years, and greater travellers than Stanley; seed saved from the odds and ends of various crops; seed raised from unsalable onions, headless cabbages, springling carrots, or refuse beets. (*I am always happy to show my seed stock.*) But if you want Northern seed, honestly raised, home grown (not more than two other catalogues contain as many), seed warranted (see the cover), valuable novelties, some of which are to be found in no other, seed for my vegetable and flower-seed catalogue for 1887, FREE to all. It contains 60 varieties of Beans, 45 of Peas, 41 of Cabbages, 53 of Melons, 44 of Corn, etc., etc., besides a large and choice variety of flower seed.

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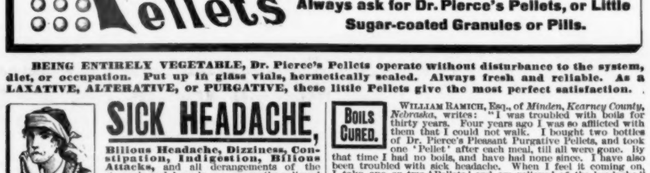

The following words, in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

$100 THROWN AWAY.

JOHN E. SEGAR, of *Millenbeck, Va.*, writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had spent out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She determined to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which really did her more good than did all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

DON'T DESPAIR.

Mrs. BETTIE BURTON, *Bells, Botford Co., Va.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from womb affection, and took four bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets,' from which I obtained decided relief, and such relief as I had despaired of. For a year and a half my health has remained perfect. Tendering my grateful thanks, I poorly expresses my gratitude. Many of my relatives and friends have used your remedies, and in every instance they improved."

THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER.

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, *White Cottage, O.*, writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about three years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

THE BEST MEDICINE.

Mrs. A. S. FREEMAN, of *Reidsville, Rockingham Co., N. C.*, writes: "I want to say that your Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery have done me more good than the physician who has treated me. After taking your medicines, I gained several pounds. I think your 'Favorite Prescription' the best medicine for ladies with which I am acquainted."

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with backache, or nervousness, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to the unlearned and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-worked family physician many distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some womb disorder. While the physician is ignorant of the cause of suffering, he encourages his practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patient is no better, but probably worse for the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications.' A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would probably have entirely removed the disease, thereby instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., Cambridge, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. During that time the skill of three physicians I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly well, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received several letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

IT WORKS WONDERS.

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of *Westfield, N. Y.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhœa, bearing down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. —— for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

JEALOUS DOCTORS.

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of *Crystal, Mich.*, writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhœa and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit, at last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. Finally, to please my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a well woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

IT WORKS WONDERS.

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of *Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich.*, writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. I think it is the best medicine for female complaints."

Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' since my last writing to you, I desire to state that I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household, feeling only slightly fatigued at night."

OVERWORKED WOMEN.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, dress-makers, seamstresses, general housekeepers, and overworked and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics.

NOT A "CURE-ALL."

Dr. Pierce's

The Poet's Corner.

SERENADE.

BY HENRY W. AUSTIN.

If I could float
In a silver boat,
In a boat of moonlight soft and silver,
And catch thee asleep
What kisses deep,
Deeper than life, from thy lips I'd pilfer!

Then, shouldst thou wake
For love's fair sake
And see me near thee, faint with rapture,
The kisses I stole
Wouldst thou not, my soul,
With others, deeper than death, recapture?

But though remote
I need no boat,
No fairy vessel with airy pinion,
To waft me where
In thy bosom fair
True love hath found a divine dominion.

Eor oft at night
My soul takes flight
Over the dreary, dividing spaces,
And gains a kiss
Of unguessable bliss
From the fact that is dearest of human faces.

Then, sweetheart, wake
For thy lover's sake
And kiss him back ere the day discover;
For a night will come
When cold and dumb,
E'en to thy love, must lie thy lover.

—[Gody's Lady's Book for June.

Ladies' Department.

OLD SMITH'S ROMANCE.

[From London Truth.]

When it was whispered at the mess of the Hopshire that "old Smith," as he was familiarly called, had been actually detected in a clandestine acquaintance with a certain pretty milliner girl, in the town of Filstone, where the regiment was quartered, the announcement was received partly with amusement and partly with incredulity.

Smith was a quiet, retiring man, perfectly harmless, very good natured, the guide, philosopher and friend of youngsters, although he was made a butt by these same youngsters, on account of his awkwardness and his mysterious habits, and was universally respected, as he had shown conspicuous gallantry among the zerebas of the Soudan. As he was a poor man, and remained in the regiment partly out of sheer affection for the service and partly because he was at an age when it is difficult to embark upon a new course of life, he mixed but little in the gaieties and hospitalitiy for which the Hopshire was famous, spent his time principally among his books, and, it was generally believed, in adding to his professional income by contributing to periodical literature.

The object of Smith's intentions, it was reported, was Gracie Clough—a pretty, modest, well-behaved girl, who occupied a position in the millinery establishment of Ruche & Bustle, and after whom half the subs in the battalion were raving, although not a word had ever been breathed that she had in the smallest degree outstepped the bounds of proprietry, or had upon any occasion behaved herself otherwise than modestly and becomingly. Of these smitten youngsters none was more ardent in his professions of admiration, and none could congratulate himself upon having made a nearer approach to conquest, than the harum-scarum, devil-may-care Honorable Bob Topsham, eldest son of Lord Cray upon whose authority the news of old Smith's attachment had been spread abroad.

At first the notion that old Smith could have succeeded in cutting out the handsome titled young sub was scouted as ridiculous, for Smith was not exactly of the age and appearance to win the love of a girl at whose feet a score of eligible bachelors of good position and qualifications were ready to throw themselves. It was very well known, too, that he was not in a position to support a wife, and stood too high for any one to dare to breathe a hint that his intentions toward such a girl would be anything but strictly honorable. But, Bob Topsham invited his brother subs to see for themselves, and arranged that after mess one evening they should accompany him into the town, ostensibly to watch over the safety of the premises of Ruche & Bustle at the hour when the young ladies of that famous emporium were liberated from their day's servitude. This they did, and they were rewarded by seeing old Smith walking up and down the street in the true cavalier servente style, to be presently joined by Gracie, who greeted him with cordiality, and, putting her arm in his, went off with him in the direction of the pleasant fields by which Filstone is surrounded.

The young gentlemen, with the exception of Bob Topsham, regarded the affair as an excellent joke, and resolved that old Smith should hear of its discovery in divers pleasant ways; but Bob Topsham looked upon it seriously, for he was head over heels in love with the girl, and up to recent date had good reason to believe that his affection was reciprocated, and that he held undivided possession of her heart.

Of course, every one knew that between Bob Topsham and Gracie Clough a very intimate understanding existed, but the young gentleman had already fallen in love half a dozen times, and the idea was never entertained for a moment that the prospective Lord Cray, the heir of one of the proudest noblemen in the country, seriously meditated matrimonial union with a provincial shopgirl: so that he made no secret of the subject of innumerable witticisms anent the new rival who had suddenly appeared on the field. The result was that a coolness sprang up between him and old Smith, though they had hitherto been on the best of terms with each other, and it became very evident to the onlookers, who hailed with delight anything which promised to vary the monotony of barrack life in quiet old country town, that the affair would soon assume a serious aspect.

The climax came in due course. Bob Topsham had seen Gracie, and the following conversation had ensued between them:

"I say, Gracie," said the Honorable Bob; "I wish you'd put me out of my misery and tell me plainly and honestly how matters stand between us. You've said scores of times that you care more for me than for any other fellow. I've sworn to you that I could never love another girl, and yet I've found out that not only are you in the habit of meeting Smith of ours, but that you greet him just like a favored lover—in fact, you do with him what you've never done with me, you go out for walks with him, and I can't help thinking that you're playing a double game."

The girl seemed very much dejected at these accusations, and at length hesitatingly replied: "Well, Bob, I'm sorry you have such a poor opinion of me. I've told you that I love you, and it is not likely that I should say such a thing and at the same time be carrying on—as you term it—with another man. But I think that our attachment is altogether an unfortunate affair. I know I've done wrong in encouraging you, but I have not been able to help it, because I have not been able to help loving you. Don't you think that we had better not meet any more and try to forget all that has passed between us?"

The young officer stared in amazement and exclaimed: "Why, Gracie, you don't mean to say that you're going to throw me over liks this?"

"No, Bob, I don't want to do anything of the sort," replied the girl; "but I am anxious to act for you good—for the good of both of us—really, truly and honestly I do. Please don't accuse me of any other motive. Just think over our position. On the one side there is you—heir to a great name, your father a proud rich man. On the other side, here am I—a milliner's shop girl. What would your father say—what would the world say, if you were to make me your wife?"

"What do I care about what the governor or the world would say?" exclaimed her lover. "I am of age. My father has no influence over me, except to cut me out of his will. You're a lady, Gracie, know that, although you are in a shop; and there's no shame in that By jove! you've only got to turn up the directory to see how the swells are going in for commerce, and even for trade. For God's sake then, Gracie, don't send me away. Until I knew you, I wasn't up to much good, although I don't mean that I was a blackguard. But since I've known you I've changed, and I would make you just as good a husband as many of those fellows who come with written characters in their pockets."

"Yes, Bob, I believe all that," answered the girl. "But I shouldn't be happy, even as your wife, if I was scorned by your people and pointed out as a cunning schemer, who had put you in a position out of which you could not get yourself, and saw you left alone by all your relations and friends because you had married a girl out of a bonnet shop."

"We'd keep out of the way, Gracie," said the young man. "Go and live quietly somewhere."

"But you can't get out of the way of your brother officers," said the girl.

"Never mind about them," said Bob. "But to return to Smith. What about him? When I know that you meet him, and go for walks with him, what am I to infer?"

Gracie hesitated for a moment, and then looking him full in the face, said: "Bob, if I tell you you are the only man I love in the world, you should be satisfied. But I implore you to think over what I have said. Tom—I mean Mr. Smith—is an old and dear friend of mine, and——"

"There" interposed the young man, "you've called him by his Christian name. Good heavens, Gracie! what does it all mean?"

The girl did not answer, and the Honorable Bob, after a few more entreaties and expostulations, took himself off in a rage, vowing that he would have it out of his brother officer before he was many hours older.

On his way to the barracks he met Smith, and, to his surprise, the latter opened fire at once by saying: "I say, Topsham, I wish you'd give me ten minutes' talk in my quarters."

"I've come on purpose to ask the same thing of you," replied Bob, earnestly. "But you had better come into mine, as there's less chance of being overheard."

So they turned into Bob's quarters, and each being supplied with a cigar, Smith began:

"One thing, Topsham, before I say a word, I must ask you to keep your temper."

"Well, Smith," replied Bod, "It will, I am afraid, under the circumstances, be hard, but I'll do my level best. Now then to the point!"

"No. You must promise."

"All right then, I promise."

"I'm an older man than you are, and I'm entitled to give you advice."

"Depends upon the subject."

"Well, you're in love with Grace Clough, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. But what of that? What has that to do with you?"

"I found it out by accident—only a day or two ago. Now, do you think that you are doing your duty both to her and to yourself by persisting in an attachment of which nothing can come?"

"I must answer with another question," replied Bob. "Is it your business, or any other fellow's, to teach me my duty in a case like this?"

"Yes, it is my duty to prevent unhappiness and misery if I can, and that's why I've asked you to give me ten minutes' talk. Grace Clough is a milliner girl. You're a nobleman's eldest son."

"The very words Gracie used to me, by Jove!" said Bob to himself, feeling an impulse to lose his temper and say something hasty but remembering his promise in time, he merely remarked:

"Well, what of that?

"I know your father, Lord Cray, well," continued Smith.

"The devil you do! That's more than I can say," replied the young man.

"And," Smith went on, "he's not the sort of a man to regard such a union—and, of course, you are aiming at nothing but a union—with favor."

"No; he'd cut up infernally rough about it and that's why I want it kept dark," said Bob Topsham.

"And he'd be quite right," remarked Smith.

"I don't think so," said the younger officer. "But, look here, Smith. The fact is, you're gone on the girl yourself, and you think you'll get rid of me as a rival by lecturing me upon what I ought and oughtn't to do. Why dont you say so at once, without so much beating about the bush?"

"What makes you think that I'm gone upon her?" asked Smith.

"Why, I've seen you meet her at night and go out for a walk with her, and so have the other fellows," replied Bob.

Smith started. This was evidently news to him. Bob Topsham observed the effect of his speech, and chuckled inwardly. Then he said:

"Gracie has told me that she loves me."

"I am sorry to hear it," replied Smith.

"Of course you are," said Bob. Just as sorry as I am to know that she meets you and walks out with you. It would make many a fellow think that she's no better than she ought to be, but I can't."

"No, no," said Smith, with energy. "Don't think that; she's the best of girls."

There was a pause. Smith broke it.

"Are you going to follow my advice, Topsham?"

"No; certainly not. I love the girl. She loves me. If I can't marry her, I shall do no good. It's the knowing and loving her that has kept me straight."

So, old Smith took his departure.

Of course, it was very soon all over the barracks that the rivals had been closeted together, and general interest in the affair was intensified. This reached a climax when upon the evening after the interview above recorded, Bob Topsham rushed into the messroom, his face flushed, his eyes sparkling with anger, and roared out:

"Where is Smith? Where is he? By ——, I'll call him out! Any of you fellows seen him?"

"Old Smith?" drawled a languid junior. "He applied for a week's leave this afternoon and went off by the five train to town."

"Has he, though? The double-faced cad!"

Every one looked up at this unusual ebullition of wrath, and there was a chorus of "Why?"

"Because he's gone off with Gracie Clough! But I'll be even with him, or my name is not Bob Topsham!"

* * * * * * *

Up the steps of Lord Cray's residence, in Bryanston Square, Smith went a day or two after the events above recorded. He words "Hopshire Regiment" on his card procured him instant admission to the presence of a nobleman who was not visible to one person out of half a dozen who called, and he found himself with a tall, dark man, who was suitably enshrined in a lofty dark study.

"Ha, Mr. Smith," said Lord Cray, rising. "I delighted to see you, sir; and you—and yet—I'm always in rather a tremble when anyone from the regiment calls, on account of that scapegrace of a son of mine."

"It is with reference to him that I have come," said Smith.

"Then, before you begin, please tell me if I am to prepare myself for bad news?" said Lord Cray.

"Well, my lord, it needn't be bad," replied Smith. "That is to say, it depends upon the way you look at it."

"H'm! Depends upon me, does it? What is it?" asked his lordship.

"He's in love with a girl," said old Smith.

"That's a regular epidemic with him, Mr. Smith," said Lord Cray. "But if she's a lady and all right, I don't care. Nothing will steady him until he marries, and if, as I said, she's—ahem, of a suitable position—of course, Mr. Smith, we must be a little exclusive—why, it's the very best thing he can do."

"Well, my lord, there's the difficulty," said old Smith. "She's a lady by birth and education, but from pressure of family circumstances she has been obliged to get her living in a milliner's shop."

"Milliner's shop!" exclaimed Lord Cray. "That is, indeed, a difficulty. The best of birth and education hardly balances the shop, does it, eh? Confound him! And the matter's gone so far that you've come to see me about it? Of course, you're a great friend of his. I believe they call you Old Smith in the regiment, don't they?"

"Yes; I take a great interest in him and in the girl," replied Smith, "and I've taken the liberty not only to speak plainly to your son, but to have the girl removed."

"Then, you've constituted yourself the young—the young lady's protector, Mr. Smith?" said his lordship. "But, if the cause of the evil is removed, why bother any more about it? Why, sir, Robert has been in love—hopelessly in love—a score of times to my knowledge; yet he has survived in each case. Why shouldn't he survive in this?"

"Well, my lord, you see, the girl loves him honestly and truly, and I conscientiously believe that, in this instance, his love is really genuine," replied Smith. "True, that she is out of his way now, but I could not answer for the effect which such a separation might have on him."

"H'm! Well, of course, Lord Cray's son mustn't marry the girl in trade, although Lord Cray himself does sell his game and his fruit, and possesses a coal wharf on the Regent's Canal," said the nobleman. "Yet, you say she is a lady. Where is she, Captain Smith?"

"With her father in the country," replied the officer.

"Who is he? What is he? asked Lord Cray.

"He is a clergyman—the rector of a poor parish, with a large family to bring up upon a very insufficient income, so that he has been obliged to send his daughter out to get her own living in the world," replied Old Smith.

The great man rose from his chair and paced up and down the room for some moments in deep thought. At last, he stopped short, and said:

"Captain Smith, get the girl out of the millinery business as soon as you can. Of course, I am saying this upon the supposition that you are so far acquainted with her as to be able to do it. If money is needed, write me a line here, and let the young rascal pursue his suit. I don't know how to thank you sufficiently for the trouble you have taken in the matter, as in the absence of the information you have given me, I should assuredly have treated the clandestine union of my son with a milliner girl with the greatest severity."

"Then I may tell your son, my lord, that that——"

"The sooner he gets married the better," said Lord Cray.

Old Smith took his leave with a beaming face, and arrived at Fillstone in time for mess.

The Honoaable Bob Topsham was there, and glared unutterable things at his brother officer throughout the repast. Indeed, Old Smith could not help being conscious that he was an object of general interest, and, from the fact that conversation at the table was more subdued than usual, although it was a guest night, he opined that during his brief absence a storm had been gathering which would presently burst upon his head.

Immediately after dinner, Smith, as was his custom, rose and left the room, without taking any wine. Bob Topsham also rose and followed him, and when he got outside the door, said, in a voice which was almost inarticulate with anger:

"Smith, are you going a apologize for your behavior?"

"Hullo!" exclaimed Smith, laughing; "that's rather good—a sub of three years' standing making a cool request like that to a man fifteen years his senior!"

"I don't care if you were fifty years my senior," retorted the young officer. "You've behaved in a——"

"Stop, stop!" cried Old Smith, "don't go too far. Let me have a word! Come to my rooms!"

Directly the door was closed behind them, Old Smith, without any preface, said: "Are you still in love with Gracie Clough?"

"Of course I am," replied Bob, in amazement. "But what's the use of it, now you've bolted with her? You've taken a mean advantage of a fellow. You've behaved like a——"

"Steady, lad, steady!" interposed Old Smith, laying his hand gently on the shoulder of the excited youngster. "It's true I've taken her away, but only did so to enable me to do you a good turn. You're quite sure you love Gracie sufficiently to make her a good husband?"

"Why, of course I do," replied Bob, looking inquiringly in the face of the elder officer. "But, I say, Smith, what noes this all mean? What have you been doing?"

"Well, I've got your father's consent to your marraige with her, that's all!" replied Old Smith.

"You have!" gasped Bob Topsham. "Do you mean to say that you've given her up to me? You, who loved her as much as I did? You, whom I've been slanging right and left for doing what I thought was a mean action? Where is Gracie?"

"At her father's—at my father's house," replied Smith.

"Her father's and your father's?" repeated the young man. "Why, is she your sister?"

"Yes; she is my sister," replied Old Smith. "My father is a poor country parson. He couldn't afford to keep Gracie at home. She shuddered at the notion of going out as a governess, so she assumed another name and went into the millinery business. I didn't want it known all over the regiment that I had a sister in a milliner's shop. That's all."

A SOLDIER'S OFFERING.

BY GEORGE M. VICKERS, PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The laurel wreath of glory
That decks the soldier's grave
Is but the finished story,
The record of the brave;
And he who dared the danger,
Who battled well and true,
To honor was no stranger,
Though garbed in gray or blue.

Go, strip your choicest bowers,
Where blossoms sweet abound,
Then scatter free your flowers
Upon each moss-grown mound;
Though shaded by the North's tall pine
Or South's palmetto tree,
Let sprays that soldiers' graves entwine,
A soldier's tribute be.

GHASE OF THE METEOR.

BY EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

[Wide Awake for June.]

The down train to Bellville had been gone an hour. The "accommodation" was ringing away from the station as Jake Handy, with a big piece of yellow soap in his hands, stood stooping over his little tin hand-basin washing up to go home.

It took a pretty lively scrubbing to get the soot and cinders all off, and Jake gave a little grunt of relief when it was done and he picked up the coarse jack-towel to dry himself. Then having combed out his hair and beard before a triangular bit of looking-glass tacked up in the car of the locomotive, he stood taking a critical look at the sky as he settled his greasy old cap on his head preparatory to starting.

"Looks kinder squally, but I guess 'twon't rain 'fore I get back," he said, "but ef it does you can let down the flap an' shet yourself in."

This was said to his son Dave who sat on the bench by his side and who had come down to "keep the engine," as he called it, while his father went for his supper.

"Mind an' look out for the fire," continued the latter opening the door and taking a farewell peep into the furnace, "you'll hev to chuck in some more feed pooty soon, I guess; p'raps Jim 'll be back in time to tend it, but don't depend on him!"

Jim was the stoker who had also gone to get his supper, so that when Jake swung himself down to the track and disappeared in the darkness, Dave was left all alone in charge of the locomotive.

But Dave was used to it, he wasn't a bit afraid, and he knew every valve, wheel and piston of the "Meteor" better than he did the doors and windows of his own home. Dave was only fifteen years old, but he had ridden with his father on the locomotive ever since he was three, so that Jake often used to jocosely remark "the younker knows more 'bout it 'n I do."

Dave indeed did know how to run the "Meteor," and his father had frequently let him do it on long stretches of straight road where there was no chance of accident. He understood perfectly all the workings of the machinery, knew when to feed the fire, when to let off steam, how to back and go ahead, how to speed and slow up, to sound the whistle and ring the bell. It is not strange, therefore, that his father felt quite safe in leaving him in charge while he went off to get his supper.

Besides, this was the regular thing every night. Jake Handy was the engineer of the "night-freight." He got to Blankton at about eight o'clock in the evening and had to "wait over" two hours or more until the track was clear, then he could switch back on the main track and start off on his long night course westward. During this time he lay upon the side track three trains usually passed: the Bellville through train, the Accommodation to Dotville Junction, and last and latest the "Lightning Express." All this happened very conveniently for Jake, for he lived at Blankton, and he was thus able to go home and get a good hot supper every night, instead of eating out of a tin pail as he did at dinner.

If Jake had known however what was going to happen while he was gone that night you may be sure he would never have budged a step. As it was, he went whistling off through the darkness, thinking only of the kindly welcome and the comfortable supper awaiting him at home. It was quite nine o'clock when he left, the "Lightning" was not due until ten, so that he had a good hour and more to be gone.

As Jake had said, the sky looked "kinder squally;" big black, disheveled clouds were tossed tumultuously all over it. The wind had sprung up and began to whistle ominously down the long dreary stretch of track beyond the freight-yard. Fitful gusts tossed the dry leaves, and rattled the gravel against the sides of the "Meteor."

At first Dave paid no attention; he let down the "flap," which was a kind of canvas curtain to shield the engineer and firemen in stormy weather, and pinned it securely at the sides, thus making a little snuggery of the car, and then bringing forth a story book which was tucked behind the leather cushion, he curled himself up on the bench and began to read.

But he did not remain long at peace. The wind grew every minute louder and fiercer. It tore off and swept away the "flap" which Dave had so carefully pinned down. It howled up and down the track and in and out amongst the cars like a chorus of demons, rattling the coal in the tender, clanking the chains of the couplings and making the fire under the boiler roar like mad.

The scene of this little story, it should be said, is out on the plains, where they have furious wind-storms, and Dave was quite used to them, but when the gale reached such a pitch that it shook the train and ripped from the old tool-house near by whole clapboards and shingles, Dave began to look a little nervous, and glanced anxiously down the track to see if he could catch a glimpse of the two switchmen. But they were away at the other end of the long train in the conductor's car where they were cosily taking their supper before the little stove, quite unconscious of Dave and far out of reach of his voice. Dave therefore thought to banish his anxiety by occupying himself about the locomotive.

"I guess I'll give her some supper," he said, opening the furnace-door and throwing in a few shovels of coal.

As he was in the act of doing this suddenly close at hand there was a starling crash, and the next moment Dave saw a huge object sweep past him in the gloom, which to his dismay, he recognized as the roof of the switch-house. Then he knew a tornado was upon them.

Although greatly alarmed he did not lose his presence of mind; he kept his thoughts and attention fixed upon the "Meteor" and busied himself in watching the steam-gauge and keeping up the fire which the wind fanned into furious combustion. His anxety however made the time seem very long, and before half an hour had elapsed he already began nervously to listen for his father's returning footsteps.

But now there comes a lull in the storm. Hark! What is that! can it be the wind? No; it sounds more like distant thunder; yet it is not thunder, for thunder is not continuous. It seems to come from afar-off up the track; it increases—it approaches. Dave listens with his heart in his mouth. There is no mistake; above the shrieking and whistling of the wind this low, dull, ominous sound comes clearer and clearer, comes nearer and more near.

What could it be? Dave knew that no train was due from that direction. Straining hiy eyes, he looked far off up the level, curveless track, but no gleam of head-light, no spark of locomotive shot across the dead blackness of the night. Here at length it comes; the rails rattling, the very earth shaking under it; a long, dark sinuous object speeding over the track. 'Tis here! 'Tis gone!—With a roar of reverberating thunder it shoots past the "Meteor" and the appalled Dave, and is out of sight in a minute.

Then at last the truth flashed upon Dave; it was *a run-away train!*

A run-away train? you exclaim. Yes; a train without a locomotive, a train that starts itself, and having no switchman aboard, no human hand to guide or restrain it, rushes on to its own destruction and that of everything in its path.

Dave had often heard his father tell stories of run-away trains, what terrible things they were and what frightful dangers they caused, but he had never seen one before. He knew directly whence this had come. It was the coal-train from Dottville Junction—eight big heavy cars loaded with coal which his father had left there the day before on a side-track waiting to be unloaded. They had been started by the wind, and in twenty-four miles of down-grade had acquired a fearful impetus.

For a moment Dave was paralyzed. Then suddenly he thought of the Lightning Express. In less than an hour it would be due. It could not be fifty miles away at that very moment. Fifty miles away and coming towards them with the swiftness of the wind. It would surely collide with the run-away. Blankton was not a telegraph station; there was no means of warning the "Lightning" —there seemed no earthly power to prevent the collision.

Forgetful then of the storm, of the danger, of his own youth and inexperience, forgetful of everything but the frightful calamity impending over so many sleeping, unconscious human beings, this poor, little, shabby engineer-boy rose in a minute to a hero's size. As truly a hero as Leonidas or Alexander or Hannibal.

Like a flash he jumped out of the locomotive and called frantically to the switchman. Again and again he shouted without avail. The wind drowned his voice. Meanwhile time was flying. Every moment might cost a human life. Hesitating no longer Dave darted to the coupling, unshackled the "Meteor," sprang aboard, ran out across the switch upon the main track and set off in pursuit.

The run-away had already several miles the start of him and, driven by the wind and its own impetus, was flying at fearful speed. But Dave had the double advantage of wind and steam. He piled in the coal with nervous hands, and pulling wide the throttle-valve he stationed himself at the outlook and shouted:

"Go it, Old Girl!"

It would almost seem as if the "Meteor" understood the words and the situation, as snorting and puffing and shrieking, she rushed like a race-horse down the iron track.

Dave knew how much steam it was safe to carry, and with his eye fixed on the steam-gauge he pushed his iron steed to its utmost speed.

But all the time thoughts of the "Lightning" coming towards them filled him with terror and anxiety. He did not know the time; every minute seemed an hour. He longed for a watch. He would have given worlds to have had his father with him, to have had honest old Jim the stroker, to have had anybody to advise or encourage him. He began to get very nervous over the step he had taken as every minute increased the doubt and the danger. He had thought it would be but the work of a few minutes to overtake the run-away. He did not appreciate the speed it had acquired. Now it seemed he would never overtake the sight of it although the "Meteor" had never flown over the ground at such a rate before.

At length just as he was despairing of ever overtaking the fugitive, just as, with hesitating hand he was about to reverse the "Meteor" and give up the chase, he rounded a curve in the road, and there a short distance before him was the long dark hulk of the run-away. The road had changed to an upgrade and he was gaining on them every minute.

And now came a new problem. At his present rate of speed he would inevitably run into them with a crash. He must "slow up," but do it so nicely and carefully that when he did come up with them there should be the least possible shock, for here came the hardest part of the whole business. He had nobody to help him "couple." He must be, for the once, both engineer and switchman. He had not thought what a formidable job this would be until it stared him in the face.

On he flew revolving the situation in his head and adjusting his engine with the nicest care until he was upon the very heels of the run-away. Then with many misgivings he slipped out of the engine house and crawled along the side of the locomotive, holding on with might and main and so, at length, down upon the "cow-catcher."

Here seizing the long coupler in one hand and holding on with the other he stood watching with breathless interest the approaching collision. The suspense was agonizing. The situation was perilous in the extreme; a gust of wind might at any moment sweep him from his place, he might be shaken off or crushed by the contact by two such heavy bodies.

He was for a minute almost panic-stricken. A dozen times he was at the point of darting back and giving it up. To his startled ears, the air seemed full of uncanny sounds; the sweep of another tornado, the rush of the "Lightning" just ahead. That in the face of these real and imaginary dangers he should have persevered in his purpose proves that he had in him the stuff which heroes are made of. The hero—remember!—is not he who is insensible to danger, but rather he who feels and realizes, but yet overcomes it.

Meantime the "Meteor" drew nearer and nearer to the flying train. The event showed that Dave had used excellent judgment in regulating its speed for when it at length came up with the rear car it was with scarcely a perceptible shock so that, although they were both going swiftly along, Dave was able quite comfortably to reach over and drop in the pin.

Then clambering back into the engine-house with trembling eagerness he seized the "throttle" and reversed the engine. To hif amazement the train did not stop. Instead of the "Meteor's" stopping the run-away, the run-away dragged the "Meteor" along in its headlong flight. He had thought of course the train would stop at once. He had not calculated what a tremendous impetus all those heavy cars had acquired.

Now then began a tussle for the mastery. Dave put on more steam. He talked to the "Meteor" as if she had been intelligent. He urged, he coaxed, he implored her to do her best. For a while it seemed all in vain, the puffing, struggling "Meteor" was dragged ignominiously along in the wake of the captured cars.

But Dave kept up the struggle. He put the "Meteor" to her mettle—nobly she strove and nobly at length she won. The train at last began to slow up. Dave gave a tremendous sigh of relief. Finally after what seemed to him a short eternity they came to a stand-still.

Then began the backward pull. Slowly they got under way, but once started they soon acquired momentum. But now they had the wind and, most of the way, an upgrade against them, so that their speed was nothing to what it had been in the other direction.

Again Dave began to get anxious. The "Lightning" *must* be due by this time. He kept a sharp look-out behind and whistled like mad around all the curves. At length he entered upon the long, straight level line of road which extended clear to Blankton. Dave began to breathe freer. It was the home-stretch—a good ten-mile run.

Hardly had he congratulated himself, however, when far behind—but this time unmistakably—he heard the scream of the "Lightning's" whistle. He traversed the remaining distance with frightened fancy. He could not hasten, he was going already at his topmost speed. He was making, at most, not more than thirty-five miles an hour, while the "Lightning" was coming on at the rate of sixty. With horror he heard them gaining on him: the next whistle sounded much nearer, and at length when he had made only two thirds the distance the far-off gleam of their head-light came shooting round a wooded curve in the rear.

And now for a moment conflicting emotions almost overmastered him: the nearness of certain destruction on the other. It was a great crisis. Strange to say, out of the very despair of the moment Dave gathered calmness. He turned his back on the pursuing train, he cast no look behind, he shut his ears to its on-coming roar; he looked only straight ahead, he kept his eye fixed on the track, his mind fixed on his duty.

Thus on he flies. He is almost there—he *is* there, he dashes past the station-house, whistling furiously, across the switch and down at last upon the side track.

It is all right. Jake and Jim are there; they throw the switch back just in time and the "Lightning" goes whizzing and shrieking past.

The next minute Jake jumped aboard the "Meteor," when his gallant son fainted dead away in his arms.

EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES.

I wish to say a word or two more concerning that sense of something like personal ferocity in the power which had laid hold of us, which I have confessed to receiving from the first and longest of the earthquake shocks. It afterwards appeared that everybody who was cool enough closely to observe his own sensations had experienced much the same thing. One Englishman, who arrived a few days later from stricken Mentone, and who seemed to cherish fresh and tender recollections of his school-days, compared his feelings to those of a boy whom his master seizes and shakes violently, by way of prelude to a flogging. To another occured the kindred image of the terrier and the rat. A third, of more pastoral proclivities, thought of a slender tree, grasped by the mighty hand of one who would shake off all its fruit. One and all had the sensation of being held hold of by some ruthless and monstrous *individuality*,—much like the feeling, I should say, which the insect must have which sees the giant foot descending that is to crush out its little spark of conscious life. Of this first unreasoning and excessively heathenish impression I never was quite able to rid myself. "Deliver us," I could have said, on the authority of the Revised Version, "from the Evil One who has done this thing!" All through the next three or four days,—days of the most serene and surpassing loveliness, when we used to go out upon the dry hillside, and lie down for a little under the olives, in the hope of catching a few moments of thoroughly sweet slumber,—I had ever the notion that if I was lying under me, with my limbs gradually relaxing from their awful spasm, and I could have sworn at times that my mossy cpuch trembled a little, as with the long quiver of a subsiding sigh. It made no difference how we climbed. Up even to the almost Alpine heights above the olive, where one could take in the whole sweep of that wide-waving littoral from the Esterel to far below Capo San Ampegio, the same strange fancy pursued us,—that of an immense, unknowable, and malignant power which had made all those miles and miles of sweeping land to flutter like the fold of a banner. I remembered the earthquake which visited Elijah in the desert, in which, it is distinctly asserted, the *Lord was not*, and I wondered if the next religion preached in the parlors of Boston would be Manichean, and if I should be its prophet. The rumor reached us a few days later that Etna was in active eruption, and the news was thought reassuring. It led us, at all events, to speak of our monster henceforth by the name of Enceladus, and to feel a new sympathy with the pagan Greek.—(June Atlantic.

A LESSON AT THE BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL.

No doubt our readers will be interested in a part of a report given by the Boston *Globe* of one of Miss Maynard's lectures in the Boston Cooking School. The lecture was accompanied by a practical demonstration—that is, by actually preparing the dishes described:

SPONGE CAKE.

Beat yolks of five eggs to a stiff froth; add slowly one cup powdered sugar, beat well; add one saltspoon salt and the grated rind and juice of one-half lemon; then add whites of five eggs beaten stiff and one cup flour. Bake one hour.

The first thing to see after is the fire. Have a very moderate oven, a great deal more so than for a cake in which butter is used. The cake should be well risen at the end of fifteen minutes and browned at the end of half an hour.

Seperate the yolks from the whites and remove the little hard spot or germ from the egg. Measure out the sugar and then sift it, adding the yolks slowly as directed. Granulated sugar, the finest, will do perfectly well for all ordinary cake, but the powered should always be used for sponge cake.

Be sure to beat the yolks very well before adding the sugar, having them thick and light colored.

In adding the flour, put in one-half of the amount, then put in the whites of the eggs and add the rest of the flour. If all the whites are put in at first the whole will be made too thin; if all the flour is put in at first it will make too thick a dough to cut the whites into successfully. Bake one hour.

If the oven is too hot, a crust will form on top of the cake, and it will not rise any more. The test for a cake being done is to have it shrink away from the sides of the pan. This never fails except, perhaps, in a very large loaf of cake. The cake may be moved about in the oven if necessary, but be careful in opening and shutting the oven door to do so quietly, so as not to jar the cake, as this will make it fall oftentimes.

In reply to some questions on the subject, Miss Maynard said she considered sponge cake the most difficult to make. As to where the secret of success lay, she thought it was in great care throughout, especially in beating the yolks and in baking the cake.

In cutting sponge cake or any other cake that is warm, cut through the crust only and then break the rest. Cutting all the way down through would make it heavy and tough.

This is the same rule which is used for lady-fingers, only for the latter it must not be beaten so much.

FRIED MUFFINS.

One egg, 1 1-2 cups of sugar, three-fourths cup milk, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 saltspoon salt, flour to make a stiff batter. Mix salt and baking powder with a little flour. Beat the egg, add the sugar, and beat again. Add the milk and flour and make a stiff batter. Drop from the spoon into hot fat.

These are the old-fashioned pancakes such as our grandfathers used to eat with cider. They seem to need some acid with them, say jelly or some sharp sauce.

In frying them the fat should not be so hot as in the case of croquettes, which are cooked already and need only to be browned.

Have the fat about hot enough to brown a bit of bread while one is counting sixty. Take up a spoonful of the mixture and scrape the bottom with a knife held in the right hand so none of the mixture will fall into the kettle; then scrape out the spoonful into the hot fat. Take care not to have too large a spoonful, as they swell a good deal in the cooking. Test by sticking in a fork. Serve hot and plain, or with sauce, as indicated above. Very nice for breakfast.

POTATO AU GRATIN.

Cut six cold boiled potatoes into dice. Make a sauce by melting two tablespoonfuls butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and pour on slowly one cup white stock and one cup milk; season with salt and pepper and add four tablespoonfuls, heaping, of grated cheese.

Put a layer of potato into a baking pan, and pepper; then some of the sauce, more potato, and so on until all is used. Sprinkle with crumbs and brown in the oven.

Let the crumbs used be buttered. Put all into a dish in which it can be served when done, as it must not be taken out of the dish in which it is cooked. A porcelain dish to go inside a silver or plated cover may be used, or an ordinary white or yellow "nappy," which may be hidden by a pretty fringed napkin folded about it.

DECORATION DAY.

BY MARTHA J. HADLEY.

Tread lightly, 'tis a soldier's grave!
Just underneath this little mound
A brave heart sleeps,
And this great nation which he loved
In anguish weeps:
For this we've strewn with flowers
And wet with tears
Those precious graves of ours
For many years.

And as the days pass on
Bringing us near
To their bright heavenly home,
With vision clear
We'll see what they have done
And more revere!
We'll know the sacrifice they made,
Their loss and pain,
And with our country saved
Accept the gain.
Then lightly tread—these graves are ours
To water with our tears and deck with flowers.
—[Traveller.

PAY OR PASS.

There is a general interchange of passes among railroad men, and the president and vice-president of the large railroads often have passes all over the country. President Roberts is a very strict man. One very stormy day in winter he got on the New York division, and took a seat in the middle car. The conductor knew him, as we all do, and when he passed him, the president simply nodded. It was a catch; and Roberts was but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to conductor of this country. When he passed through the train again, Roberts arose from his seat, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said:

"See here, you have not seen my pass."

"No, sir," faltered the conductor; "but—but I know who you are."

"That makes no difference," retorted Robers, with a frown. "The rules are made to be obeyed, and not to be broken. The rules laid down for your guidance say that any passenger who has neither a ticket nor a pass must pay his fare, or else you must eject him from the train."

"I know it," replied the conductor; "but—"

"No 'buts.' Now you may go."

"I haven't seen your pass yet, though," demurely remarked the ticket-puncher, wishing to demonstrate the thoroughness of the lesson.

"That's right," replied Roberts, approvingly. "Make no difference between the President of the road and the poorest passenger."

He reached into his inside coat pocket, and then into his vest pockets. His face grew red, and he fumbled around his hip pockets. The conductor grinned. Roberts's sallow complexion grew paler, and then redder. He went through his pockets again, but no passes. The conductor's smile grew more expansive.

"Humph!" exclaimed the president. "Singular! Just stop as you pass this way again."

The conductor stopped, and the president dryly handed him a five-dollar bill, and told him to take out the fair. He had left his book of passes at his office.—[Newark (N. J.) Call.

A travelling man from Pittsburg, Pa., after a trip to Plymouth Pa., said, "I did not breathe freely until I had got out of sight of the town." "Shake, old man! the writer hereof put in an hour in that place some five years ago, and has experienced asthamatic affliclty ever since.

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